THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

VOL. XII. NO. 5. CHICAGO, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1893.—TWELFTH YEAR. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

DILUTED "HOME RULE."

Such Would Appear to Be the Quality of Gladstone's Alleged New Measure.

What Ireland May Not do Much More Broadly Stated Than What She May Do—An Unsatisfactory Document.

LONDON, Jan. 28.—A synoposis of the new Irish home-rule bill, to be introduced at the opening of Parliament, was made public to-day. The bill declares that there shall be established in Ireland a legislature consisting of the Queen and an Irish legislative body, empowered to make, amend, and repeal laws for the peace, order, and good government of Ireland.

Power to enact laws on the following subjects is retained by the Imperial Parliament: The status or dignity of the crown or the succession to the crown, or a regency; the making of war or peace; the army, navy, militia, volunteers, or other military or naval forces for the defense of the realm; treaties and other relations with foreign states or the relations between the various parts of her Majesty's dominions; dignities or titles of honor; prize or booty of war; offenses against the law of nations or offenses committed in violation of a treaty made or hereafter to be made between her Majesty and any foreign state, or offenses committed on the high seas; treason, alienage or naturalization; trade, navigation, or quarantine; the postal and telegraph service, except as hereafter in this act mentioned with respect to the transmission of letters and telegrams in Ireland; beacons, lighthouses, or seamarks; money, legal tender, or weights and measures; copyright, patent rights, or other exclusive rights to the use of profits of any works or inventions; the imposition or any legislation relating to duties of customs and duties of excise as defined in the act. A sub-clause retains to the Imperial Parliament control for five years over land legislation.

RESTRICTED AS TO RELIGION.

The Irish Legislature is restricted from passing any laws respecting the establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof, or imposing any privilege or conferring any disability on account of religious belief, or abrogating or derogating from the right to establish and maintain any place of denominational education or charity, or prejudicially affecting the right of any child to attend a school receiving public money without attending the religious instruction at that school, or impairing, without either the leave of her Majesty in council first obtained, on an address presented by the legislative body of Ireland, or the consent of the corporation interested, the rights, property, or privileges of any existing corporation incorporated by royal charter or local and general act of Parliament, or from enacting any legislation changing the terms of the home-rule act, except so far as the act is declared to be alterable by the Irish Legislature.

The Queen retains the same prerogatives with respect to summoning, proroguing, and dissolving the Irish legislative body as she has with respect to the imperial Parliament. The Irish legislative body can continue in session for five years and no longer from the day on which it is appointed to meet.

QUEEN STILL THE EXECUTIVE.

The executive government of Ireland is to continue vested in her Majesty, and to be carried on by the Lord Lieutenant in behalf of her Majesty, with the aid of such officers and such council as her Majesty may, from time to time, see fit. Subject to any instructions which may from time to time be given by her Majesty, the Lord Lieutenant shall give or withhold the consent of her Majesty to bills passed by the Irish legislative body and shall exercise the prerogatives of her Majesty in summoning, proroguing, and dissolving the Irish legislative body and any prerogatives the exercise of which may be delegated to him by her Majesty.

The ninth clause of the bill relating to the constitution of the Irish legislative body differs in one important respect from the bill of 1886. The bill of 1893 provides that the legislative body shall consist of a first and second order, but instead of providing that the orders shall deliberate together, as in the bill of 1886, it provides that they shall sit and vote separately, thus constituting two distinct houses of the Legislature. If the result of the voting brings the two orders into collision, then the question at issue is to be referred to a joint committee of both houses. If the question still remains undecided through inability to agree, then the question at issue may be referred to the people. The new bill thus provides for a popular reference.

ELIGIBLE TO THE TWO HOUSES.

The tenth clause substantially provides, as in 1886, that the upper house or first order shall include 103 members, seventy-five elective and twenty-eight peerage members. The elective members are to be possessed of property, if real estate, or partly real and personal, bringing in an income of at least £200 a year, or if only personal, then bringing the same income, or if being of the capital value of £4,000 or upward, free of all charges. Ireland is to be divided into electoral districts for the first, each elector to be an owner or occupier of some land or tenement within the district, of a net annual value of $25 or upward. The term of an elective member of the first order is ten years, thirty-seven or thirty-eight to retire evtry fifth year. The peers are to be the twenty-eight Irish representative peers; the peerage representation in the first order is to last for not longer than thirty years from the appointed day of organization, when the places of all peerage members are to be vacated or filled by elective members. Dissolution of the legislative body is not to vacate the offices of the members of the first order.

The second legislative body is to consist of 204 members, to be chosen by existing constituencies in Ireland, two by each constituency, with the exception of the city of Cork, which is to be divided in two divisions and two members chosen by each division. An important new clause provides that 103 members of the Imperial Parliament from the Irish legislative body may also sit in the Irish legislative body, if elected thereto, as well as in the Imperial Parliament.

BIG REDUCTION IN TAXES.

The annual contribution of Ireland on account of the National debt is reduced to £733,000; army and navy, £833,000; imperial civil expenditures, £55,000; royal Irish constabulary and Dublin metropolitan police, £500,000; for reduction of the national debt, £180,000. These are great reductions from the bill of 1886, which provided that Ireland should pay for interest and management of national debt, £1,466,000; army and navy, £1,666,000; imperial civil expenditures, £110,000; royal Irish constabulary and Dublin metropolitan police, £1,000,000; reduction of national debt £360,000.

Duties of customs and duties of excise collections in Ireland are to be applied to Irish charges, and any excess is to be applied as public revenues under control of the Irish government. It is made the duty of the Irish Legislature to impose all such taxes, duties, and imposts as may be necessary to raise a sufficient revenue to meet all sums charged for the time being on the Irish consolidated fund. This fund is to meet advances towards expenses of the Irish Government, debts incurred by the Irish Government, the salaries of judges of any court, and all payments for Irish services except the salary of the Lord Lieutenant.

The Irish land commission is to remain in existence until all charges payable out of the church property in Ireland and guaranteed by the treasury are fully paid, subject to any existing charges on the church property, such property shall belong to the Irish Government. If the Queen signifies to the Irish legislature that a state of war exists the Irish legislature may make extra appropriations for the army and navy and to aid in the defense of the realm. It shall not be lawful for the Irish legislative body to adopt or pass any vote, resolution, address or bill for the raising or appropriation for any purpose of any part of the public revenue of Ireland, or of any tax, duty, or impost, except in pursuance of a recommendation from her Majesty signified through the Lord Lieutenant in the session which the vote, resolution, address, or bill is proposed.

HIGH COURT OF JUSTICE.

The exchequer division of the High Court of Justice is to continue to be a court of exchequer for revenue purposes. Any vacancy occurring in the court is to be filled by her Majesty on the recommendation of the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland and the Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain. This division is to try all cases affecting the treasury, customs and excise and the officers thereof, and the appeal is to lie only to the House of Lords.

The Dublin metropolitan police force is to continue subject to the Lord Lieutenant for a perfod of five years or until the Irish administration will guarantee that an adequate police system has been organized. The Royal Irish Constabulary, while it exists, is to continue subject to the control of the Lord Lieutenant; but the Irish Legislature may provide for the establishment and maintenance of a police force in counties and boroughs in Ireland, under the control of the local authorities, and arrangements may be made between the Treasury and the Irish Government for the establishment and maintenance of police reserves.

There is an entirely new clause, No. 22, which gives the Crown the right to veto all bills of the Irish Legislature and gives Irish representative peers the right to sit in the House of Lords at Westminster and vote on all imperial questions. Controversies regarding constitutional questions are to be referred to the judicial committee of the Privy Council for decision. The functions of the Lord Lieutenant are the same as given in the bill of 1886. The judiciary is to remain for five years under the control of the imperial government, then to pass under the control of the Irish government. Other provisions are similar to the bill of 1886.

Columbian Bazaar.

A ten nights' Columbian Bazaar was opened Wednesday night in the Italian Catholic church on Illinois street, near Franklin, to raise funds to build a parochial school for the Italian children of Chicago. The pastor, the Rev. Father Moreschini, has secured $1,100 for this purpose from a picnic last summer at Willow Springs as a nucleus. The bazaar rooms were decorated prettily with American, Italian, and Spanish colors. Portraits of Washington, Columbus, Ferdinand and Isabella adorned the walls. Many valuable and dainty articles are offered for sale from gayly decked booths by pretty maidens. The attendance was large.

COULDN'T PARLEZ-VOUS.

Interesting Story of How a Young Pole in Napoleon's Service Escaped Cruel Death by Pretending Ignorance of French.

Disguised as a Russian Dispatch-Bearer He Passes Safely Through the Spanish Lines.

While Murat was in Madrid he was anxious to communicate with Junot in Portugal, but all the roads to Lisbon swarmed with guerrillas and with the troops composing Castanos' army.

He asked Krasinski, the commandant of the lancers, to find him a brave and intelligent young man. Two days afterward the commandant brought the prince, a young man of his corps, for whom he pledged his life. His name was Leckinski, and he was but 18 years old.

Murat was moved at seeing so young a man court so imminent a danger, for if he were detected his doom was sealed. Murat could not help remarking to the Pole the risk he waa about to run. The youth smiled.

"Let your imperial highness give me my instructions," answered he respectfully, "and I will give a good account of the mission I have been honored with."

The young prince augured favorably from the young man's modest resolution. The Russian embassador gave him his dispatches; he put on a Russian uniform and set out for Portugal.

The first two days passed over quietly, but on the afternoon of the third Leckinski was surrounded by a body of Spaniards, who disarmed him and dragged him before their commanding officer. Luckily for the gallant youth it was Castanos himself.

Leckinski was aware that he was lost if he were discovered to be a Frenchman; consequently he determined on the instant not to let a single word of French escape him, and to speak but Russian and German, which he spoke with equal fluency. The cries of rage of his captors announced the fate which awaited him, and which recalled the horrible murder of Gen. Rene, who had perished in the most dreadful tortures but a few weeks before as he was going to join Junot, were sufficient to freeze the very blood.

"Who are you?" said Castanos in French, which language he spoke perfectly well, having been educated in France.

Leckinski looked at the questioner, made a sign and answered in German, "I do not understand you."

Castanos spoke German, but he did not wish to appear personally in the matter and summoned one of the officers of his staff, who went on with the examination. The young Pole answered in Russian or German, but never let a single syllable of French escape him. He might, however, easily have forgotten himself, surrounded as he was by a crowd eager for his blood, and who waited with savage impatience to have him declared guilty—that is, a Frenchman—to fall upon him and murder him.

But their fury was raised to a height, which the General himself could not control, by an incident which seemed to cut off the unhappy prisoner from every hope of escape. One of Castanos' aides de camp, one of the fanatically patriotic who were so numerous in this war, and who from the first had denounced Leckinski as a French spy, burst in the room, dragging with him a man wearing the brown jacket, tall hat and red plume of a Spanish peasant. The officer confronted him with the Pole and said:

"Look at this man, and then say if it is true that he is a German or a Russian. He is a spy, I swear by my soul."

The peasant meanwhile was eyeing the prisoner closely. Presently his dark eye lighted up with the fire of hatred.

"Es Frances, he is a Frenchman!" exclaimed he, clapping his hands. And he stated that having been in Madrid a few weeks before he had been put in requisition to carry forage to the French barrack, and, said he, "I recollect that this is the man who took my load of forage and gave me a receipt. I was near him an hour and recollect him. When we caught him I told my comrade this is the French officer I delivered my forage to."

This was correct. Castanos probably discovered the true state of the case, but he was a generous foe. He proposed to let him pursue his journey, for Leckinski still insisted he was a Russian, and could not be made to understand a word of French. But the moment he ventured a hint of the kind, a thousand threatening voices were raised against him and he saw that clemency was impossible.

"But," said he, "will you then risk a quarrel with Russia, whose neutrality we are so anxiously asking for?"

"No," said the officer, "but let us try this man."

Leckinski understood all, for he was acquainted with Spanish. He was removed and thrown into a room worthy to have been one of the dungeons of the inquisition in its best days.

When the Spaniards took him prisoner he had eaten nothing since the previous evening, and when his dungeon door had closed on him he had fasted for eighteen hours. No wonder, then, what with exhaustion, fatigue, anxiety and the agony of his dreadful situation, that the unhappy prisoner fell almost senseless on his hard couch. Night soon closed in and left him to realize in its gloom the full horror of his hopeless situation. He was brave, of course, but to die at 18—'tis sudden. But youth and fatigue finally yielded to the approach of sleep and he was soon buried in profound slumber.

He had slept perhaps two hours when the door of his dungeon opened slowly and some one entered with cautious steps, hiding with his hand the light of a lamp. The visitor bent over the prisoner's couch, the hand that shaded the lamp touched him on the shoulder, and a sweet and silvery voice—a woman's voice—asked him, "Do you want to eat?"

The young Pole, awakened suddenly by the glare of the lamp, by the words and touch of the female, rose upon his couch and, with eyes only half opened, said in German, "What do you want?"

"Give the man something to eat at once," said Castanos, when he heard the result of the first experiment, "and let him go. He is not a Frenchman. How could he have been so far master of himself? The thing is impossible."

But though Leckinski was supplied with food he was detained a prisoner. The next morning he was taken to a spot where he could see the mutilated corpse of a Frenchman, who had been cruelly massacred by the peasantry of Truxillo, and he was threatened with the same death. But the noble youth had promised not to fail, and not a word, not an accent, not a gesture or look betrayed him.

Leckinski, when taken back to his prison, hailed it with a sort of joy. For twelve hours he had had nothing but gibbets and death in its most horrid forms before his eyes—exhibited to him by men with the looks and the passions of demons. He slept, however, after the harassing excitement of the day, and soundly, too, when in the midst of his deep and deathlike slumbers the door opened gently, some one drew near his couch, and the same voice whispered in his ear:

"Arise and come with me. We wish to save your life. Your horse is ready."

And the brave young man, hastily awakened by the words, "We wish to save your life; come," answered still in German, "What do you want?"

Castanos, when he heard of this experiment and its result, said the Russian was a noble young man; he saw the true state of the case.

The next morning early four men came to take him before a sort of court martial, composed of officers of Castanos' staff. During the walk they uttered the most horrible threats against him, but true to his determination he pretended not to understand them.

When he came before his judges he seemed to gather what was going on from the arrangements of the tribunal and not from what he heard said around him, and he asked in German where his interpreter was. He was sent for, and the examination commenced.

It turned at first upon the motive of his journey from Madrid to Lisbon. He answered by showing his dispatches to Admiral Siniavin and his passport. In spite of the presence and the vehement assertions of the peasant, he persisted in the same story and did not contradict himself once.

"Ask him," said the presiding officer at last, "if he loves the Spanirds, as he is not a Frenchman?"

"Certainly," said Leckinski, "I like the Spanish nation, and I esteem it for its noble character. I wish our two nations were friends."

"Colonel," said the interpreter to the president, "the prisoner says that he hates us because we make war like banditti; that he despises us, and that his only regret is that he cannot unite the whole nation in one man, to end this odious war at a single blow."

While he was saying this, the eyes of the whole tribunal were attentively watching the slightest movement of the prisoner's countenance, in order to see what effect the interpreter's treachery would have upon him. But Leckinski had been expecting to be put to the test in some way, and was determined to baffle all their attempts.

"Gentlemen," said Castanos, "it seems to me that this young man cannot be suspected; the peasant must be deceived. The prisoner may pursue his journey, and when he reflects on the hazard of our position he will find the severity we have been obliged to use excusable."

Leckinski's arms and dispatches were returned, he received a free pass, and thus this noble youth came victorious out of the severest trial that the human spirit could be put to.

THE GAELIC CLASS.

The attendance at the Gaelic school last Sunday was unusually large, and great earnestness was shown by the members in their efforts to master Joyce's Grammar. Mr. Cullinane read two pages of the last issue of the Dublin *Gaelic Journal*. Next Sunday Mr. Raleigh will read the critique on Mr. Fogarty's new book, "Siamhsa an Gheimhriadh," which appeared in the *Irish-American* of Jan. 14.

The class meets every Sunday at 2 p.m. in City Clerk VanCleve's office, City Hall.

MAURICE CREAN, Secy.

Resolutions of Condolence.

At a recent meeting of St. Thomas Court No. 15, Catholic Order of Foresters, the following were adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God to take from our midst our beloved brother, Thomas S. Quinn, whose death occurred at his father's residence, 441 Austin avenue, Jan. 5, 1893; therefore, be it

Resolved, That St. Thomas Court No. 15, C. O. F., extends to his aged father the full sympathies of the Court.

R. C. SPIEDELL,
D. GLEESON,
JOHN MOTT,
Committee.

THE LAST CONQUEST

Of Ireland (Perhaps) Being a History of the Causes That Led to the Failure of the Repeal Movement in 1843, and

To the Desolating Famine of 1847-50, by the Late John Mitchel.

CHAPTER XXII.—(Continued).

It was a breach as deadly and imminent as ever yawned in a beleaguered wall; but men were found prompt to stand in it. Within two weeks after my trial, the *Irish Tribune* was issued, edited by O'Doherty, Williams and Antisell. In two weeks more, on the 24th of June, came forth another and perhaps the ablest of our revolutionary organs,—the *Irish Felon*. Its editor and proprietor was John Martin, a quiet country gentleman of the county Down, who had been for years connected with all national movements in Ireland,—the Repeal Association, the Irish Confederation,—but who had never been roused to the pitch of desperate resistance till he saw the bold and dashing atrocity of the enemy on the occasion of my pretended "trial." He came calmly to the conviction that the nation must now at last set its back to the wall; and that if no other would lead in this, he would. From the opening article, signed with Martin's name, I extract a paragraph or two, as sufficient indication of his position and purpose:

"At the time when John Mitchel lay in Newgate prison expecting what fate Lord Clarendon's 'loaded dice' might bring, I stated it as my opinion that if the Irish people permitted the English ministry to consummate his legal murder, the national cause would be ruined for this generation. The transportation of a man as a felon for uttering sentiments held and professed by at least five-sixths of his countrymen, seemed to me so violent and so insulting a national wrong, that submission to it must be taken to signify incurable slavishness. The English government, the proclaimed enemy of our nationality, had deliberately selected John Mitchel to wreak their vengeance upon him as representative of the Irish nation. By indicting him for 'felony' they virtually indicted five-sixths of the Irish people for 'felony.' By sentencing him to fourteen years' transportation to a penal settlement, they pronounced five-sixths of the Irish people guilty of a crime worthy of such punishment; and they declare that every individual of the six millions of Irish Repealers who escapes a similar doom, escapes it not through right and law, but through the mercy or at the discretion of the English minister. The audacity of our tyrants must be acknowledged. They occupy our country with military force, in our despite, making barracks of our very marts and colleges, as if to defy and to challenge any manly pride that might linger among our youth. They pervert our police force into an organization of street bullies, as if to drive all peace-loving, industrious citizens into the ranks of disaffection. They insult the poor dupes of 'legal and constitutional' agitation, and rudely open their eyes to the real nature of foreign rule, by such an outrage on public decency and justice as this 'trial,' aggravated as it must be by the official meanness, brutality, hypocrisy and perjury, requisite for effecting their object. They took measures to provoke the active hostility of all Irishmen who loved justice, or respected religion. They defied and challenged all parties of the Irish people; and I did think that such a challenge could not honorably or prudently be refused, and that the abject submission of the Irish people in that matter might destroy the national cause for this generation.

"I must frankly say that I still disapprove of the policy pursued by the Repeal leaders on that occasion; but I believe that their motives, whether mistaken or not, were honorable; and I am satisfied that there is a strong and growing spirit of resistance among Repealers of all parties, as well as a spreading disaffection to the foreign tyranny among those Irishmen who have not yet pronounced for Ireland. And, on the whole, I perceive sufficient reasons for expecting the success of the national cause.

"That I do now exile myself, is a proof that I hope to witness the overthrow, and assist in the overthrow of that most abominable tyranny the world now groans under—the British imperial system.

"To gain permission for the Irish people to care for their own lives, their own happiness and dignity; to abolish the political conditions which compel the classes of our people to hate and to murder each other, and which compel the Irish people to hate the very name of the English; to end the reign of fraud, perjury, corruption, and 'government' butchery, and to make law, order and peace possible in Ireland—*The Irish Felon* takes its place among the combatants in the holy war now waging in this island against foreign tyranny. In conducting it, my weapons shall be—the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help me God!

"JOHN MARTIN."

Reilly was an ardent fellow-laborer with Martin, and James Finton Lalor, of Kildare county, came up to Dublin and threw himself into the work. Lalor was the most powerful political writer that our cause had yet called forth, if I except Davis only. These two journals established themselves in Trinity street; one in my office, and the other next door to it; so that instead of one regular avowed organ of insurrection, the enemy had to deal with two. Mr. Duffy, also, in the *Nation*, became now as urgent and vehement in exciting the people to resistance as I had been, or as the *Tribune* or *Felon* themselves. For five weeks thereafter truth and manhood, that is, "treason-felony," were openly taught and enforced: but six weeks would have been too much. The police were ordered to forcibly stop the sale of papers by vendors in the streets; and warrants were issued for the arrest of all the editors,—Martin, Duffy, O'Doherty and Williams. The country was beginning to bristle with pikes; men were praying for the whitening of the harvest; and it was plain that, before the reign of "Law and Order" should begin, other terrible examples must be made; other juries must be packed; then, after that, a Whig "government" would surely begin to deal with Ireland in a conciliatory spirit!

Throughout all these scenes, the horrible famine was raging as it had never raged before;—and the police and military, both in towns and the country, were busily employed in the service of ejecting tenants,—pulling down their houses,—searching out and seizing hidden weapons,—and escorting convoys of grain and provisions to the seaside, as through an enemy's country. Yet rumors began to grow and spread (much exaggerated rumors, as I fear), of a very general arming among the peasantry and the club-men of the towns; and the police had but small success in their searches for arms; for, in fact, these were carefully built into stone walls, or carried to the grave-yards, with a mourning funeral escort, and buried in coffins, shrouded in well-oiled flannel, "in hope of a happy resurrection."

The enemy thought it wisest not to wait for the harvest; and resolved to bring matters to the head at once. Accordingly, they asked parliament to suspend the Habeas Corpus Act in Ireland, so as to enable them to seize upon any person or number of persons whom they might think dangerous, and throw them into prison without any charge against them. Parliament passed the bill at once; and in truth it is an ordinary procedure for Ireland. It may occur as a curious reflection, that, whereas the British constitution, that wonder and envy of surrounding nations, is said to hold out as its bulwark and paladium, those two immortal rights of Britons,—Trial by Jury, and the Habeas Corpus Act,—the same constitution has never been able to maintain itself in Ireland, save by suspending Trial by Jury, and suspending the Habeas Corpus Act.

Instantly numerous warrants were placed in the hands of the omnipresent police; and in every town and village in Ireland sudden arrests were made. The enemy had taken care to inform themselves who were the leading and active Confederates all over the island,—the presidents and secretaries of clubs, and zealous organizers of drilling and pike-exercise. These were seized from day to day, sometimes with circumstances of brutality, (which was useful to the enemy in "striking terror,") and thrust into dungeons, or paraded before their fellow-citizens in chains. Martin and the other editors were in Newgate prison, awaiting transportation as felons. Warrants were out against O'Brien and Meagher.

Well, the time had come at last. If Ireland had one blow to strike, now was her day. Queen Victoria would not wait till the autumn should place in the people's hands the ample commissariat of their war; and decreed that if they would fight, they should, at least, fight fasting. O'Brien was at the house of a friend in Wexford county when he heard of the suspension of the Habeas Corpus, and that a warrant had issued for his own arrest. He was quickly joined by Dillon and Meagher. Doheny and MacManus, with some others, betook themselves to the Tipperary hills, and "put themselves upon the country." O'Gorman hurried to Limerick and Clare, to see what preparation existed there for the struggle, and to give it a direction. Reilly and Smyth ranged over Kilkenny and Tipperary, eagerly seeking for insurrectionary fuel ready to be kindled; sometimes in communication with O'Brien and his party, at other times alone. To O'Brien, on account of his character, his services and his value to the cause, the leadership seemed to be assigned by common consent.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

IMPORTANT.

An industrious Catholic lady or gentleman to represent our new book just published, "The Columbian Jubilee, or, Four Centuries of Catholicity in America." Published with the approbation of the Most Rev. P. A. Feehan, Archbishop of Chicago. Write for circulars and all information to the publishers.

J. S. HYLAND & CO.,
328-325 Dearborn street, Chicago, Ill.

The First Law of Nature.

This self-preservation is acknowledged to be, and people who adopt against the encroaches of disease a genuine medicinal safeguard, accredited by experience and the sanction of physicians, afford a happy illustration of the wisdom of the saying, in the health they restore and continue to enjoy. Among maladies, against the growth of which Hostetter's Stomach Bitters affords efficient protection, diseases of the kidneys and bladder are fraught with the utmost peril and exhibit great obstinacy when opposed by ordinary means. The Bitters can and will subdue them. No testimony is stronger than this. Used at the outset and persistently, the best results may be expected. This medicine also eradicates liver complaint, constipation, dyspepsia, malaria, rheumatism and nervousness.

THE BRITISH LIBRARY

THE WILD ROSE OF LOUGH GILL.

An Interesting Tale of the Irish Wars in the Seventeenth Century.

A Bold and Valiant Struggle for Homes and Altars by the Chivalry of Ireland.

BY P. G. SMYTH.

Author of "Gael and Gaul," "Under the White Cockade," "Duchess of Inver," "King and Viking," and Other Highly Interesting Stories.

CHAPTER IX.

A MOONLIGHT ADVENTURE.

All was excitement and bustle in and around the old castle of Dromahaire on the day that Edmund O'Tracy, pleased at the finish of his long journey through Leinster and Ulster, and at being "home again in Breffny—filled with yearnings of the past" (as J. K. Casey sings), dismounted from his tired horse at the chief entrance. A force of insurgents, numbering nigh a thousand, was encamped in the neighborhood. Their camp fires glowed on either side of the sparkling and lasting Buanaid, which, with its volume and current increased by the melting of the snow, rushed onward impetuously to Lough Gill. Fires also twinkled in the adjacent woods and on the neighboring hills, and on the hoary hill of Knocknarea, some miles to the west, a bright beacon of triumph was flaring—a good sign, our hero took it, that the hearts of the Breffnians of the Connacians in general were warm in the Irish cause.

Entering the castle and passing through a crowd of the O'Rourke's retainers, Edmund proceeded in quest of his foster-father, and found him in the chamber in which the Breffnians and Col. Plunket had held their council three months before. The room was now as then occupied by several Irish leaders, from the midst of whom Owen O'Rourke stepped forward and kindly greeted his foster-son.

"A thousand welcomes, Emun, my son," he said;—"your coming is in right good time, for on tomorrow, with heaven's help, we intend to have at the stronghold of our arch-enemy in this county."

"I am glad to hear it, ahir machree;—but how goes the cause?"

"Nearly as well as we could wish. Sligo town is ours—we wrested it from the tried and trained soldiers of the lord president of Connacht; we have burned the Undertaker's town of Ballyshannon, though we were not able to take Ffolliott's castle there for want of cannon. We have burnt also the enemy's iron works of the garrison—you know the place, at the east corner of Lough Melvin—and the castles and bawns of the Albanach settlers have fallen before us everywhere. But yet there remains Sir William Cole's garrison at Enniskillen, and, nearer home and worse evil still, Sir Frederick Hamilton's at Manor-Hamilton."

Remembering his commission from the fair maiden of Cloughoughter, Edmund looked around for Con O'Rourke, but the latter was not to be seen.

"You miss some of the faces you saw in this room when you were here last," remarked the tierna.

O'Tracy replied in the affirmative.

"Yes," continued Owen O'Rourke, "there's poor brave Connor McLoughlin, the chief of the gallant sept, and one of our best leaders; for 'twas he and his people, together with the O'Flanagan's and MacMurrays, that burned the garrison on the first day of the rising. While he and his men were drawing a boat over the hills to take possession of an island in the lough, which did good service to our people in the time of Queen Bess, they were surprised by a large party of Hamilton's men. Connor was made prisoner, and still continues one."

"But Con—what of Con?" inquired Edmund, anxiously, little interested in the foregoing narration.

"My poor brother is also a prisoner of Hamilton's. He was waylaid and seized by a band of the Albanach on pretense that he had robbed an English parson named Bushe. Think of my brother Con a robber! The men who arrested him were led by his mortal enemy, that ruffian Gilbert Harrison."

"Gilbert Harrison!" exclaimed our hero;—"why, I fought him at Drogheda!"

"Pity you let him escape then, for he is now in Manor-Hamilton, a worthy companion of its ruthless owner. But I believe you will fight him again ere long, and then may good luck attend you, my son."

"Amen, with all my heart!" replied the youth;—but has there been any fighting around Dromahaire as yet?"

"Little in daylight. But often at night the fox creeps out of his den, and scours the country for prey. Then there are houses and haggards given to the flames, and men, women, and children murdered in cold blood by those incarnate fiends. They often carry off prisoners, but only to hang them on reaching Manor-Hamilton; so I tremble for Con and his friend, though I hear they are yet unharmed—kept, I believe, as hostages. Sometimes our people meet with those reiters and take a partial vengeance, and four days ago we had the satisfaction of seizing all Hamilton's cattle, about four or five hundred head, and setting his corn-stacks in a blaze. We were encamped at Lurgauboy at the time, within a mile of his den."

Edmund's heart gave a great bound as he inquired if the banks of Lough Gill had been visited by the depredators.

"Well, my son, I've heard that they rode that way once, but our scouts were on their trail at the time, so they must have done but little damage. However, for all the damage they've done we'll have satisfaction *go lear* tomorrow. My kinsman is here with his regiment from Jamestown, Col. Brian McDonogh is here with O'Conor Sligo's regiment, and, I doubt not that on tomorrow we shall square accounts with Manor-Hamilton."

At this moment a tall, dark-visaged officer sauntered up, whom Owen O'Rourke introduced as Col. M'Donogh, of the Sligo regiment. The latter addressed Edmund.

"I've taken a particular interest in you, young man, for some days, and have been rather curious to see you. I will tell you why. A poor peasant who was captured by one of Hamilton's troops the other day, but who afterwards escaped, states that the captain of the party made particular inquiries as to whether young O'Tracy had returned home yet, adding that the young devil—so he was pleased to term you, my friend—would find his dovecot ruined and rifled. Such were the marauder's words."

A deadly chill took possession of O'Tracy's heart, and a great lump seemed to surge up in his throat. Gulping it down with a great effort, he said:

"Did that peasant describe the man, Colonel."

"Well, yes—a low-built, powerful-looking man, with evil features, very shaggy eyebrows, no beard save a tuft on his chin, and——"

"'Tis he; 'tis my enemy!"

"'Tis Harrison, sure enough," remarked Owen O'Rourke.

For the remainder of the day Edmund's mind was full of the greatest despondency, the bitterest anxiety, and the gloomiest forebodings. Although he was in sore need of refreshment, the repast which old Cahir O'Meehan placed before him remained almost untasted. He moved listlessly and aimlessly, as one in a state of utter distraction. But his sad thoughts were succeeded by an eager, ardent longing and panting to encounter his ruthless foe, for another fair hand-to-hand combat with his ferocious enemy; and he immediately took a keen interest and lively part in the martial preparations which were being made for the following day's fray.

Then came a longing to revisit the shores of Lough Gill and see for himself whether his enemy's malicious boast had any foundation.

This yearning triumphed, and sunset saw him ride away from Dromahaire, mounted on a fresh horse, on his way to Lough Gill.

A crisp frost lay on the ground. As is usual on frosty nights, the stars shone out with peculiar brilliancy overhead, and in the northeast the great red orb of the full moon was poised over the dark hills and woods. There was every promise of a fine, tranquil winter's night.

Shortly after leaving Dromahaire the road taken by O'Tracy led through one of the great woods that still bordered, primeval and almost pathless, on the famous Lake of Brightness. The tall, naked trees grew closely together on either hand, and their leafless branches joined overhead. Not a human being he met on his way, nor did he hear a human sound. Silence and solitude reigned supreme, and the sound of his horse's hoofs on the road, the occasional dismal hoot of an owl in the depth of the wood, and distant yelp of a prowling wolf seemed only to deepen and increase both solitude and silence.

He was now alone with his own meditations, and these were redoubled in their poignant bitterness and gloom. He had not expected to find his enemy before him in Leitrim, yet here he was back with a vengeance—the man whose life he had in his power a few months before—the man whom he saw last lying bleeding and insensible under the shadow of the bridge of Gillianstown. What had brought Harrison back to Leitrim? What but to fight for the land won for him by his father, the old Elizabethian trooper—for Creevelea and its fair possessions, its rich carucates of glebe land, "Krellew and Clonlogher, Drenleis and Ballyehinechain, Killkrumena, Lisamemis, and Killifargen," as the Irish names were written in the strange jargon of King James' legal myrmidons? Yes, but he had a more malevolent purpose in coming. He had come for vengeance—bitterly sworn vengeance—on him, Edmund O'Tracy, and mayhap on his fair betrothed, the lovely Wild Rose of Lough Gill.

As he gave full scope to the last thought, he spurred his horse onward in impetuous anxiety, and the animal soon carried him in sight of Lough Gill, as its waters, glimmering under the moonlight, shone at intervals through the trees.

Very soon a break in the woods showed him the peaceful bosom of the beautiful lake, sleeping under the silvery green veil of the moonlight, which gilded the surrounding woods, as well as the old ivied ruins on Innismore, or Church-island, where of old it is said St. Loman, the nephew of Patrick, watched, and prayed, and fasted.

It was a sweet and peaceful scene, suggestive of calm and holy meditation, and quite at variance with the stormy thoughts and anxieties that throbbed in the spectator's breast, as, reining up his horse for a few moments, he gazed with a kind of involuntary admiration on the lovely prospect.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

KILKEE.

BY VERE V. HUNT.

Yes the billows still are rolling 'gainst
thy rocks O! sweet Kilkee,
And thy golden sands are shining from
the kisses of the sea,
And the mighty broad Atlantic, like a
lover fond and true,
Wraps arms close around thee, arms of
emerald and blue.

Stern guardians of thy beauty stand thy
cliffs so tall and grim,
With a glistening garb of seaweed coating
each majestic limb,
And the sea-gulls scream and hover o'er
the cold wave-beaten rock,
Or like spirits from the ocean float in
one great snowy flock.

On thy sands at gentle twilight come the
lady and her swain,
Gazing out upon the moonlight mirrored
in the restless main,
Emblem of life's checkered pathway in
its long uneven tide,
'Cross whose shimmering course, belated
some lone fisherboat will glide.

And the music of the paddle, in its distant measured splash,
Seems like dropping of the sand-globes
in Time's melancholy hour-glass,
Like a barrier 'gainst the ocean see the
Dougernaugh arise,
With Saint George's Head before them
pointing to the dusky skies.

And the white foam looks so ghastly now
beneath the moonlight's ray
That one deems a mystic army seeks an
entrance to the bay.
Ah! old Ireland, dear old Ireland, through
my dreary wandering years
Never comes thy memory o'er me but
my eyes are filled with tears.

GAELIC FOLK-LORE.

Goillis Na g-Cos Dubh.

[AIR LEANAMHAIN.]

Nior sguir sé no go raibh teud fada garbh deunta aige, agus bhi sé dá chruthughadh ag feuchaint an raibh sé láidir go leor le meádhachan inghine an Righ d'iomchar, agus nuair bhi sé réidh deunta aige d'fhan sé air bruith le mi-shuaimhneas no go dtáinig an oidhche, agus nuair tháinig si, chomh luath agus bhi an choill agus an caisleán agus uile rud socair agus ciúin, d'fhág sé fosgadh na gerann agus chuaidh sé amach trasna an mhóinfhéir agus thar an abhainn, no go dtáinig sé go dti an caisleán.

Sheas sé faoi an tor ann a bhfaca sé an bhean óg, agus thosaigh sé ag feadaoil an phuirt cheudna go socair sáimh, agus nior bh'fhada gur chualaidh sé fead beag caol eile 'gá fhreagradh. Chogair sé le guth chaol beag, "thug me rópa liom, dá bhfeudfá a tharraing suas chugad as so" agus d'fhreagair glór na mná óige, "ni thig liom." Bhi sé a riocht chomh dona agus bhi sé ariamh anois, agus nior fhéud sé cuimhniughadh air aon tslighe le na chur suas chuici.

Shaoil sé air deire, dá dtuiefadh leithe srang bheag do dheunamh d-á h-eudaighibh féin agus a léigint sios chuige, agus ceann a rópa-san do cheangailt as, go bhfeudfadh sise a tharraing suas aris leithe, d'fhiafruigh sé go cidin di an bhfeudfadh si sin do dheunamh, agus dubhairt sise go ndeunfadh si a dithchioll.

Bhain sí a gúna dhi féin, agus strác sí i ngiotaibh cuola é, agus chuir si snaidhm orra, agus rinne si sórt córda dhiobh, agus bhi si 'gá léigint amach roimpi i g-cómhnuidhe i g-cómhnuidhe no go rug Goillis air faoi dheire, agus cheangail sé a rópa láidir féin as, agus nior bh'fada go raibh an rópa ann a láimh féin. Dheare si 'nna timchioll ann sin, annsan rúma beag cúmhang aun a raibh si druidte suas, le fághail amach rud éigin d'á g-ceangóladh si an rópa. Bhi fáinne mheirgeach iarainn daingnighthe annsan mballa, agus budh leis sin cheangail si é. Bhi beag-nach dhá fhichid troighe le teacht annas aici, acht bhi si misneamhail agus eudtrom, agus bhi an faitchios 'gá tiomáint. Ghlac si an rópa ann a dhá láimh agus chroch si i féin as an bhfuinneoig, agus thosaigh si ag sleamhnughadh sios. Chuaidh si go mall i dtosach, acht nuair bhi si teacht anaice leis an talamh bhi a meádhachan féin 'gá tarraing, agus ni raibh si láidir a sáith le greim daingion do chongbháil air an rópa agus rith sé chomh luath sin thrid a meuraibh go raibh siad geárrtha agus gortaighe leis agus an croicinn bog báu bainte d'á lámhaibh. Thuit si 'na h-uallach trom air an talamh, agus bhi si beagnach gan mheambair, acht thóg Goillis suas i agus chuir sé air a mhuin i, agus rith sé léithe, thar an abhainn amach agus trasna an mhóinfhéir, agus asteach annsa' g-coill aris agus nior sguir sé de'n rith sin, acht d'iomchar sé i chom fada asteach ameasg na g-crann agus d'fheud sé.

Nuair bhi sé sáruighthe air fad, leig sé sios air fhód glas féir i, agus leig sé a sgith. Ni raibh si a bhfad ag teacht chuici féin, agus d'innis si a sgeul dó, mar tháinig fathach mór nuair bhi sise 'nna codladh, agus mar thóg sé agus chaith sé thar a ghualainn i, ag rádh go ndeunfadh si sulpeur maith dhó, agus mar rug sé chum a chaisleáin i, agus mar dhruid sé suas faoi ghlas i rúma beag dubh caol i, agus mar chualaidh si gol agus caoineadh agus ceasacht na ndaoine eile do bhi annsa' g-cruadháil chéadna.

[LE BHEITH LEANTA.]

Gladstone's Shillelahs.

Mr. Gladstone has probably the finest collection of Irish blackthorns in existence. After he disestablished the Protestant church in Ireland in 1869, the most common form of presentation from Irish admirers has been blackthorn sticks; but gifts of this kind have literally poured in on the Grand Old Man ever since the introduction of the Home Rule bill. During a visit which a Pressman paid to Hawarden a few years ago, he was shown a large bundle of Irish blackthorns in the library. The sticks were of all sorts and sizes, and each was handsomely mounted in silver with an inscription recording the presentation of the gift. Mrs. Gladstone assured me that her husband always took one of these sticks with him when he went walking on occasions on which an umbrella was not necessary, and, indeed, only last summer he met the Grand Old Man walking to the house of commons from Carleton Gardens, with a stout Irish shillelah grasped sturdily in his right hand. Now, this collection of blackthorns at Hawarden has been considerably augumented. Among the numerous presents received by Mr. Gladstone on his birthday, one of the most prized was a handsome Irish blackthorn sent to him by some Irish friends. The stick is mounted in silver, and is accompanied by the expression of a wish that Mr. Gladstone may speedily be able to carry out successfully his Home Rule scheme.—*Cork Herald.*

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars; free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by druggists, 75c.

Uncle Sam's Pay-Roll.

The salaries paid to persons in the civil service of the United States amount to $90,000,000 annually. This seems like a tremendous amount, but when it is borne in mind that this sum pays the wages of 180,000 persons, it need not appall anyone. The average is only $500 a year.

Economy for the Sake of an Education.

Better is economy and a good home-made education, than extravagance and its concomitant ignorance.

This proverb is home-made, but it will stand the test of analysis.

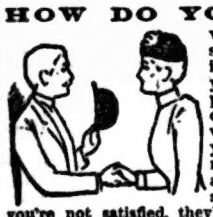
Economize with the purpose of educating yourself. You could even stand being called mean for a few years, if that were necessary, but with the plan we suggest to you, no self-sacrifice whatever is necessary, and not even the semblance of meanness entailed. By having in your home that library of libraries, the great Revised Encyclopædia Britannica, the only complete American edition of the unexampled work, the gates of knowledge will be opened to you; and if you apply yourself with system and diligence for a few years, there is not a college-bred man in all the land who can put you to shame.

It pays to be economical. It pays better when that economy is for the purpose of educating yourself. It pays best when the means to that self-education is the Revised edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica, for that can be brought into your home, and made your ever-ready, ever-helpful teacher for Ten Cents a Day for only a short period.

Remember our remarkable offer to send the entire 20 volumes on receipt of but one dollar, and giving you 90 days time at the rate of only 10 cents a day to pay the balance. You can remit the money monthly by draft, check, money order, postal note, or express money order. Remember also that we send a dime savings bank with each order wherein you can deposit the dime each day.

Recently three Turkish officers were sent to Russia to inspect the Russian army and get a better knowledge of the Cossack tactics and method of warfare. The Turks were entertained by the ministry of war for three days, allowed to see a few drills, and were then escorted by a military guard to the frontier and told that it would be to their interest not to enter Russia again under any pretext.

HOW DO YOU DO



when you buy shoes or clothing? Don't you go to the place (if you can find it) where they tell you that you may wear the articles out, and then, if you're not satisfied, they'll refund the money? Why not do the same when you buy medicine?

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is sold on that plan. It's the only blood-purifier so certain and effective that it can be *guaranteed* to benefit or cure, in every case, or you have your money back.

It's not like the ordinary spring medicines or sarsaparillas. All the year round, it cleanses, builds up, and invigorates the system. If you're bilious, run-down, or dyspeptic, or have any blood-taint, nothing can equal it as a remedy.

CONSUMPTION
SURELY CURED.

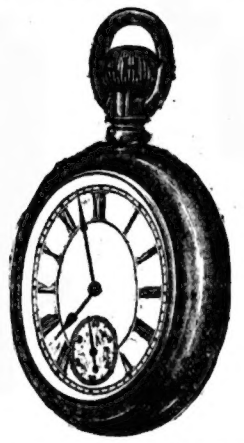
To THE EDITOR—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy free to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their express and post office address. Respectfully, T. A. Slocum, M.C., No. 183 Pearl Street, New York.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.
CATARRH
Sold by Druggists or sent by mail. 50c. E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa.

WALTHAM & ELGIN WATCHES.

For "Citizen" Subscribers and Readers. For Sale by "The Citizen." Guaranteed by "The Citizen."

We have decided to revise our watch offers in such a way that each subscriber may find a watch to suit his or her taste and need. The fame of the Waltham and Elgin factories is not confined to this country. It is considered a great thing abroad to own one of these wonderful watches. THE CITIZEN has sold many watches during the past year, and they have given perfect satisfaction. In our offers we select the best examples of these watches for the money asked, and we have been remarkably successful in suiting our subscribers. We have now revised the offers so that they will be more satisfactory than they have been before. Our subscribers and readers should read the following offers carefully, and see how low we can sell these standard goods. If we don't mention just what you want, don't hesitate to write and get our figures.



NICKEL SILVER, WALTHAM OR ELGIN, $5.50.

Offer No. 31—A Men's Waltham or Elgin watch, containing seven jewels, compensation balance and safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus and all the latest improvements. The case is solid nickel silver, open face, and the crystal is made of plate glass, so heavy as to withstand any strain. The usual price of this watch is $8.50 to $12.50. We send it to subscribers by registered mail for $5.50.

Offer No. 32—Men's size, open face. Waltham or Elgin, $12.00. This watch is just the same as No. 33, but the case is dust proof and open face. The back and front screw on and off, and the watch sets by pulling on the stem. The glass in the face is bevelled plate, and strong enough to withstand any strain. Sent by registered mail to any subscriber for only $12.00.

GOLD-FILLED ENGRAVED WATCH.

Offer No. 33—Men's size, hunting case, Waltham or Elgin, $14.35. This is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a case made of two plates of solid gold drawn over a plate of fine composition metal, and guaranteed by the manufacturers to wear just like gold for 15 years. The case is beautifully engraved. The works are standard Waltham or Elgin, they are jeweled, and contain stem winding and setting apparatus, and all improvements. Watch clubs and installment men have been selling this watch right along for $38.00. We will send it by registered mail to any subscriber, old or new, for $14.35.

Offer No. 34—Men's size, open face, Waltham or Elgin, $10. This is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch, whichever the subscriber may choose. It has the celebrated compensation expansion balance, patent safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus, fifteen fine jewels in solid gold settings, Breguet hair-spring and all improvements. It has the finest patent regulator in the world that can be adjusted by any boy. Full instructions for using this watch go in every box, and the watch is returnable within three days if not up to the guarantee. We commend this watch to the use of all, but especially of those who require the most accurate time. The works are good for 50 years' wear, and they can be put in a gold case whenever the owner wishes. The case is made of solid nickel silver, and the back and front screw off and on, making this watch dust proof. We send this to any subscriber by insured registered mail for only $10.

Offer No. 35—Pride of Elgin, Men's size, Fancy Gold watch, open face, only $15. THE CITIZEN offers to its subscribers one of the most beautiful watches to be found in the market. The case is made of solid gold, reenforced or stiffened; thus a case is obtained which is superior to a solid gold case. This case is guaranteed to wear for 15 years, and with any decent usage will wear just like solid gold for from 25 to 30 years. It is full engraved over back, front and centre, giving this timekeeper a unique appearance, of which no adequate impression can be conveyed by a mere description. The movement (commonly called works) is jeweled according to the most scientific principles, and the patent pinion and compensation balance are made of highly tempered steel. The dial or face is set with gold, and the hands are made of solid rolled gold plate, spun and wrought to the finest and delicacy of antique lace. Since it is the latest product of the great Elgin factory, it has been fittingly named Pride of Elgin. The subscribers to THE CITIZEN deserve handsome watches and we are determined that they shall have them. This will undoubtedly prove a fortunate speculation for many of our subscribers, because such a watch readily yields $25 to $35 in cash or exchange. Don't write and ask if it is a genuine Elgin. We guarantee it and that's enough. We give you the benefit of our great discounts, and charge you, including free delivery, only $15.

"THE CITIZEN SPECIAL."

Offer No. 36—Gold watch, Men's size, $16.75. The watch and case-makers of the United States have for many years been trying to produce a watch that would be exactly like a $100 solid gold watch in every thing except the expense. At last this has been accomplished. The Waltham Watch Co. has produced the most beautiful watch ever made; this watch is made for people who wish to carry a "thin model" watch; we mean that this watch does not take up much room in the pocket, the case being of the regular strength and thickness. The case is made of two plates of solid 14k fine, so thick that they will last 20 years. Between these plates is a thin sheet of stiff composition metal, the purpose of which is to protect the works from damage when the watch is pressed or struck; this feature saves many a bill for repairs—a great point for people at a distance from reliable watch-makers. The ring, joint plugs, thumb piece and all parts subjected to constant wear are solid gold, which, of course, will wear for generations. The works contain Logan's celebrated Breguet hair-spring, a regulator so plain that a child can work it; seven valuable jewels, compensation expansion balance, safety pinion, stem-winding and pendant setting apparatus, and many other improvements, the enumeration of which would be superfluous. The works much resemble the celebrated Waltham "Riverside," a movement known the world over. This watch is offered to THE CITIZEN subscribers only, but any subscriber may buy all he wishes for his friends. Price of open face or hunting case, delivered, $16.75.

SOLID GOLD, GRANGER CASE. "P. S. BARTLETT" WALTHAM.

The style of Waltham works is especially desirable where the most accurate time is required. They contain 15 jewels in solid gold settings. Breguet hair-spring, hardened and tempered in form, patent regulator, safety pinion, expansion balance, stem-winding and setting apparatus, and all the latest and greatest improvements. This movement is adjusted at the factory to temperature and positions; it is one of the finest full-plate movements in the world. We sell this movement in the following cases:

No. 37, Solid gold Brooklyn "Granger-hunting or open face, $30.00.

No. 38, Gold-filled, 15 year hunting case (engraved), $22.10.

No. 39 Gold-filled, 15 year case, open face (engraved), $18.50.

No. 40, in solid Silver Coin case (3 oz.), open face or hunting, $18.50.

No 41, in solid Nickel Silver case, dust proof, open face, $12.35.

The above prices include free delivery in every instance. Remember you get the same works in the nickel as in the solid gold case. This is a great feature, because you can buy a genuine "P. S. B." in a nickel case and afterwards have it put in a gold or silver case.

LADIES' SOLID GOLD WATCH.

Offer No. 42—$22.00. This is a genuine Elgin watch in a handsomely engraved solid gold case, warranted to be 14k gold U. S. assay. The works are jeweled according to the latest principles, by which the best results are achieved. This watch represents the triumph of modern expert workmanship. Each watch is a stem-winder setter and contains compensation balance, patent safety pinion and tempered hair-spring. We will send this elegant timepiece to any subscriber, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for only $22.00.

Offer No. 43—Ladies' Gold Watch, $17.25. This is a Waltham of Elgin watch, ladies' size, neatly engraved. The works contain the same improvements as those in No. 44, and the solid gold case is made by a celebrated gold case company. We will send this watch, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for only $17.25.

Offer No. 44—Ladies' size gold watch, $13.15. This is a seven jeweled watch, in an engraved hunting case, the gold on which is guaranteed by the manufacturers to be standard, and good for at least 15 years' wear. Any lady in the land who is fortunate enough to get this watch whether she chooses Waltham or Elgin, will be proud to carry it. It is a magnificent timekeeper, and usually sells at from $18 to $25. Subscribers should sell it for $20. Sent by registered mail to any subscriber for only $13.15.

Offer No. 45—Ladies' size gold watch, is a seven jeweled Waltham or Elgin watch in a handsome engine-turned hunting case. In this case the ring, joints, thumb-piece and all parts subjected to constant use are made of solid gold. The case is called gold filled, and it is as durable as solid gold, and much stronger. The manufacturers guarantee this case to wear 20 years. The works in all watches we sell are good for from 30 to 40 years. Sold to subscribers only, delivered free, for $13.75.

Offer No. 46—Ladies' size solid coin silver Waltham or Elgin watch; the works contain seven jewels, stem-winder and setter, and all improvements. This watch is just as good and handsome as a solid gold watch. Sold to subscribers only, delivered free, for only $9.50. The above watch is especially suitable for girls. It is full ladies' size. The Waltham and Elgin companies make no distinction between ladies' and girls' watches.

How to order a watch—Select the one you desire to purchase and mention it by number. Give your own name, Postoffice, County and State plainly written. Enclose the price of the watch by draft, Postoffice Money Order, Express Money Order, or Registered Letter, and address

"THE CITIZEN" NEWSPAPER CO.,
69 DEARBORN-ST., CHICAGO, ILL.

JAMES G. BLAINE DEAD.

The Hand of the Destroying Angel Laid Upon Him.

HIS LONG JOURNEY TO THE GRAVE.

No Hope of the Ex-Secretary's Recovery Since the Attack of Last December.

The News of the Famous Statesman's Demise Spreads Like Wildfire and Intimate Friends Flock to the House of Death—He Was Conscious at the Time of His Death and the End Was Without Pain.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 27.—James Gillespie Blaine is dead. His death, although it has removed from the world a character who was prominent in everything he undertook, caused but little surprise. The news of it had been so long discounted that there remained but the line of announcement at the head of this dispatch. It was

JAMES G. BLAINE.

a foregone conclusion that his battle with death would be the final defeat of his life, although the facts as to his illness have from the first been studiously concealed through the official channels of communication. He was a sick man when he returned to Washington to settle down for the winter; death and its bereavements added more and more to his ailments. He has grown worse and has continued on his journey to the grave as fast as the days would carry him. Science and skill have furnished him the weapons of defense for a comparatively long time, but his death has furnished the end of the fight. He was a doomed man from the start, and to all intents he has been a dead man for these many days past.

Surrounded by His Family.

His mind has been almost a blank for weeks, his lucid moments having been but few and at times far between; but his physical frame has withstood the ravages of wasting disease until now. Mr. Blaine, on his deathbed, was surrounded, just as he has been almost incessantly for weeks, by those who were nearest and dearest to him. In fact it was only his own family and those very closely associated with them that have been permitted to see or even hear from him during the last days of his life.

Trained journalists, calling into requisition every honest means at their command, and resorting to every possible means within the line of legitimate journalism, have kept almost watchful eye on every movement without—and as far as possible within—the now famous red house, where the distinguished statesman breathed his last. Naturally enough there has been a disposition both on the part of the family and the attending physicians to conceal or distort in some way the real conditions existing in the Blaine mansion, but from time to time accurate information as to Mr. Blaine's state has been obtained and faithfully reported.

Announcement of the Death.

Dr. Johnson was summoned to the bedside of Mr. Blaine early Friday morning, but his presence was not known to those outside until about 11:10 when, in company with Dr. Hyatt, he left the house. Both physicians were unusually pale, and when accosted by the reporter for the latest news the significant look in their faces answered the question. "He is dead," said Dr. Johnston, "and he passed away peacefully." The doctors did not give the exact time of death, but it was observed that about 10:40 the windows in the room of the sick chamber were slightly raised.

The news of Mr. Blaine's death spread like wild fire. Crowds gathered on the corner and visitors flocked to the house. Dr. Hamlin, who was passing the house when the announcement of death was made at once entered and remained with the family for some time. Word was sent to the president immediately after the death. At 11:25 President Harrison, accompanied by Private Secretary Halford and Lieutenant Parker, walked over to the Blaine mansion. The president showed marked signs of grief. Postmaster General Wanamaker followed the footsteps of the president.

PLACED IN THE TOMB.

Funeral Services Over the Remains of the Distinguished Dead.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 30.—Mr. Blaine could not have a private funeral. Every effort was made to comply with his own understood wishes, and with the expressed desire of his family in this regard but the surging wave of public interest swept over the barriers imposed and made his private funeral one of the most impressive of public demonstrations in honor of the dead. The most eminent men in the nation stood around his bier. All business in the nation's capitol was suspended during the period when the funeral services were in progress. The presence of president and cabinet and supreme judges and high officials of congress and of the diplomatic corps was not more significant than the homage of the waiting crowds who, with respectful silence, lined the streets through which the funeral cortege passed.

Arrival at the Church.

It was exactly 12 o'clock when the slow and solemn organ music announced the arrival of the funeral party at the door of the church. As the sad procession moved up the aisle Mr. Walter Damrosch, Mr. Blaine's son-in-law, who was at the organ, played an improvisation made up of several themes of hymns which Mr. Blaine loved. All present rose and remained standing as the funeral party moved down the aisle. Dr. Hamlin, the pastor, walked at the head of the mourners and holding in his hand an open book containing the ritual of the Presbyterian worship as he advanced read selections from the Scriptures. Behind him came the honorary pall-bearers, two abreast, Senators Hale and Frye, the representatives of the dead man's beloved state leading. The body bearers moved at a measured pace towards the chancel reil where they deposited the casket amid the profusion of flowers. The family followed the body and took the front seat on the left near the remains. They knelt with their heads bowed in prayer and remained in this attitude for some time. When all were seated the deep peals of the organ ceased and Dr. Hamlin rising from his place on the pulpit began the church services with the reading of selections of the Scriptures. Their reading finished, prayer was offered up by Dr. Hamlin. At the close of the prayer the funeral procession once more formed and the body was conveyed to Oakhill cemetery and there laid to rest.

ICE ON THE MOVE.

Breaking of the Gorges in the Ohio River —Property Destroyed.

CINCINNATI, Jan. 31.—The real break of the greatest ice gorge ever known in the Ohio river came at 5 o'clock Monday morning. Since then the swollen river has been full from shore to shore of great rolling, heaving masses of ice and snow, moving with awful and irresistible force, and carrying everything that lies directly in its path before it. The ferryboat Cincinnati was caught and torn from her moorings, the landing float going away with her. She passed through the bridges in safety and was captured and safely landed five miles below. Fully one hundred barges floated down with the ice.

The Final Break.

At 6 o'clock Monday morning the great gorge at North Bend broke. It had moved a little at 1 a. m., but soon stopped. But at 6 o'clock it made the final break and never stopped. The ice let go at Home City at 7 o'clock Monday morning. At Parkersburg there is a heavy loss. The damage will reach $30,000, with Monroe Miller the principal loser. At Pomeroy the river is full of floating ice, but boats are in good shape. The gorge at Bellaire broke at noon doing but little damage. At Ironton there is no damage. At Marietta the ice moved down a few miles and gorged against the mouth of the Muskingum river. Fully $100,000 worth of lumber was sunk by the Kanawa. River men here fear no more freeze ups. The ice will continue to float for four or five days.

Fears of a Flood.

The greatest fear now is of a flood. The river is rising rapidly at all points above. Officials estimate the damage at Cincinnati to be $28,000. The Maysville ice gorge passed Cincinnati at 5 o'clock. At the same time the Licking began running out and a shanty was shoved from the Licking into the middle of the Ohio. On top of the boat were three men calling for help while two women stood below crying. A line was thrown out from below the Suspension bridge but the men on the boat failed to catch it. Their fate is unknown. The gorge at Patriot broke at noon. At 1 o'clock thirty-eight barges passed Aurora, Ind., and a ferryboat carried down stream from some point between here and Aurora, struck the stranded Winifred barge and was sunk.

Wisconsin Treasury Cases.

MADISON, Jan. 31.—Charles W. Felker, attorney for H. B. Harshaw and his sureties, Monday morning filed an exception to the findings of fact and conclusions of law in the No. 1 Harshaw treasury case, in which judgement was accepted a week ago. He denies the right of the state to interest on the interest from the end of his first term as state treasurer to the present time. This is equivalent to a denial of the right of the state to interest on the principal from the time it was due, and the case may go to the supreme court again. If Harshaw wins he will save over $14,000.

Must Grin and Bear It.

GRAND RAPIDS, Mich., Jan. 31.—Five minutes was long enough to a police court jury to acquit Harmon Cowens for trouncing Frank D. Leclear, the young photographer who planned an elopement last week with a pretty widow of 19 years, the ward of the Michigan Trust company. The defense introduced L. H. Witney, president of the trust company, to show that Leclear offered to compromise his injured feelings by accepting $100. The jury found that the thrashing was justifiable. Mrs. Averill, the widow, has returned to her mother.

Went Through a Bridge.

TERRE HAUTE, Ind., Jan. 31.—A freight train on the Chicago and Eastern Illinois railroad fell through a bridge crossing Spring creek, near Atherton, at 8 o'clock Tuesday morning. Nearly every man of the train's crew received injuries more or less severe, but none were fatally hurt. Eight cars were completely wrecked. The loss will be heavy and the road will suffer much inconvenience in transferring passengers. A passenger train crossed the bridge a few minutes before the accident occurred.

The Whisky Trust Inquiry.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 31.—The judiciary committee of the house to which the resolution of Burrows of Michigan providing for an investigation of the Whisky trust was referred, met Tuesday, discussed the matter and referred it to a sub-committee consisting of Bynum of Indiana, Stockdale of Mississippi, Boatner of Louisiana, Buchanan of New Jersey, and Powers of Vermont, for investigation. The sub-committee have not yet decided when they will begin their inquiry.

One Killed and Eight Injured.

AGGUSTA, Ky., Jan. 31.—A bad wreck occurred on the Chesapeake and Ohio railroad at Wellsburg, about six miles below here, between a west-bound coal train and an east-bound work train, in which James Faulkner, colored, lost his life, eight others of that work train were badly injured. The engineer of the work train was ordered to switch at Wellsburg, but he went to sleep and was only awakened by the headlight of the approaching freight train. He had barely time to jump.

Funeral of General Doubleday.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 31.—The funeral of General Abner Doubleday, whose remains were removed from New York to Washington, took place at 11 o'clock Tuesday morning from Gawler's undertaking establishment. There were no religious services or other exercises at the grave except the firing of the parting saiute. The remains were interred in Arlington cemetery. Thrown across the casket was the flag that floated at Fort Moultrie at the beginning of the war.

PARLIAMENT OPENED.

Vaults of the House Searched in the Old Way.

NO FAWKES OR GUNPOWDER FOUND.

The Queen, in Her Speech Opening the Session, Says That the Submission of the Khedive Affords No Further Apprehension in the Egyptian Matter—Proposed Legislation for Ireland and the Wage Earner.

LONDON, Jan. 31.—A careful search of the vaults of the house of commons Tuesday failed to discover any lurking Guy Fawkes, or barrels of gunpowder or dynamite bombs. Nobody expected to find any, but the ancient ceremony was performed with the same formality and ceremony as for nearly three hundred years past. One of the Tory members grimly remarked that it was not necessary now for Guy Fawkes to conceal themselves in the vaults of the house of commons. After the preliminary ceremonies there was the customary race for seats. The first member to arrive was H. Seton-Karr, Conservative member of parliament for Saint Helens. Mr. Seton-Karr, who is 40 years of age and was born in India, got to the house as early as 5 o'clock in the morning. Three-quarters of an hour later he was followed by Mr. J. E. Johnson Ferguson, Liberal M. P. for Mid Leicestershire. But few of the members, however, were about at such an unusual hour, and it was not until about a quarter of 9 that the stream of legislators set in. Following is the queen's speech.

The Queen's Speech.

"MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN: My friendly and harmonious relations with all the powers continue. The declarations from every quarter are favorable to the maintainance of European peace. In connection with the approaching evacuation of Uganda by the British East Africa company I have deemed it expedient to authorize a commissioner of experience and ability to examine upon the spot with adequate provisions for his safety into the best means of dealing with the country and report to the government.

"In view of recent occurrences in Egypt I have determined upon making a slight augmentation in the number of British troops stationed in that country. This measure does not indicate a change of policy or a modification of the assurances my government has given from time to time respecting the British occupation of Egypt. The khedive has declared in terms satisfactory to me his intention to follow henceforward the established practice of previous consultation with my government in political affairs, and his desire to act in cordial co-operation with it.

To the House of Commons.

"GENTLEMEN OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS: Estimates of the changes necessary for the public service during the coming fiscal year has been framed and will be laid before you at an early date.

"MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN: I have observed with concern the wide prevalence of agricultural distress in many parts of the country. It is to be hoped that among the causes of the present depression some are of a temporary nature, but without doubt you will take this grave matter into your consideration and make it the subject of careful inquiry. The proclamations recently in force which placed Ireland under exceptional provisions of law have been revoked, and I have satisfaction in informing you that the condition of that country with respect to agrarian crime continues to improve. A bill will be submitted to you on the earliest available occasion to amend the provisions for the government of Ireland. This bill has been prepared with the desire to afford contentment to the Irish people, to afford important relief to parliament, and to furnish additional securities for the strength and union of the empire.

The Labor Problem.

"Bills will be promptly laid before you for the amendment of the system of registration in Great Britain for the shortening the duration of parliaments and for establishing equality in the franchise by the limitation of each elector to a single vote. There will also be proposed to you various bills bearing on the condition of labor, among which there will be measures in relation to the liability of employers, the hours of labor of railway servants and a bill to amend the law of conspiracy. Your attention will likewise be invited to measures for the further improvement of local government, including bills for the creation of parish councils, for an enlargement of the powers of the London county council, for the prevention of the growth of new vested interests in ecclesiastical establishments in Scotland and Wales, and to establish direct local control of the liquor traffic, together with other measures of public utility. I humbly commend your labors on these and other subjects to the guidance of the Almighty."

The Panama Canal Scandal.

PARIS, Jan. 31.—In view of the sensational statements made in the alleged interview with Arton, published in The Libre Parole, it is believed that Magistrate Franqueville will summon the author of the interview to disclose the source of his information, and any other facts in his possession going to throw light upon the charges of corruption and bribery in connection with the Panama canal.

Another Mine Disaster.

VIENNA, Jan. 31.—A disastrous coal gas explosion has occurred in the Skalis pit near Gratz in Styria. Five miners were killed and ten are reported to have been injured.

Killed While at Lunch.

STEFATOR, Ills., Jan. 31.—The treacherous soapstone roof of the Streator coal mines Monday claimed three victims at one swoop. The three miners killed were, Michael Davidson, widower, leaves five young children; Michael Hailey, married, leaves wife and one child; Joseph Smith. The accident occurred at a small mine north of the city, operated by Peter Ryan. At noon the three men had come together to eat lunch. While so engaged several tons of rock and roof fell, killing all three men instantly. An inquest will be held and the state mine inspector has been summoned.

Edward Zikentscher was found dead near Lakeville, Ind., with a bullet in his head and a revolver in one hand. It is believed that he committed suicide. Zikentscher was arrested for the murder of his brother several years ago, but was discharged.

THE NEWS IN BRIEF.

Happenings of a Week Boiled Down for Easy Reading.

Seventeen Chinamen, illegally in the United States and under sentence of deportation, left Detroit for San Francisco in charge of United States Marshal Van Buren and a number of deputies.

Two families at Minonk, Ills., have the trichina. Miss Johnson, the daughter of one of the families, has died.

Elmer Giles, who is wanted in Mount Carmel, Ills., for larceny, was arrested in Vincennes, Ind.

Mr. Edmunds of Vermont is said to have been almost the only exception to the rule that the supreme court practice of a lawyer soon dwindles after he becomes a United States senator.

John and Bill Edson, charged with burglarizing a hardware store in Vincennes, Ind., were arrested in that town.

Rabbi Shoen of Michigan City, Ind., has been arrested on the charge from his wife that he was on the point of deserting her.

J. O. Wade shot and mortally wounded Winchester Rees, a wagon driver, in a quarrel in Kansas City.

The boards of education and health in Bay City, Mich., have decided to close two of the public schools on account of diphtheria.

A cave-in at the Merrel brick yards near Des Moines, Ia., resulted in the death of Charles Reiper and the injuring of other workmen.

Governor Rich of Michigan has appointed Thomas R. Dunston of Hancock a member of the board of control of the Michigan mining school at Houghton.

Edward E. Rogers, a Minneapolis decorator and frescoer, at work on a new opera house, was found dead in his room at Algona, Ia.

The memorial tablet to James Russell Lowell to be erected in Westminster abbey will be of marble and bear a low relief portrait.

Like Garfield, Governor Lewellyn of Kansas was in his youth a canal boy.

Dan Emmett, the negro minstrel who wrote "Dixie," is said to be still living but poverty-stricken.

Esher Hobrand, an Austrian girl, 23 years of age, committed suicide at Braddock, Pa., by drowning. Unrequitted love is supposed to have been the cause for the act.

Father J. T. Culleton, a Catholic priest of Raywick, Ky., is reported to have been excommunicated for marrying his own cousin.

The coal mine of W. T. Carter & Co., near Hazleton, Pa., is on fire. Several hundred men will be thrown out of employment.

* * *

Chris Fink, a contractor of St. Louis county, Mo., shot and killed his son-in-law on account of family troubles.

Policeman Edwards of Sioux City, Ia., shot and probably fatally injured J. J. Johnson, who tried to escape after being placed under arrest.

The Bruning and Acker Milling company of Seymour, Ind., has brought a damage suit for $7,475 against G. F. Harlow for entering into the milling business when, it is alleged, he made a contract to keep out.

A man giving the name of Ed Sturm, claiming to be one of the incorporators of a bank at Harvey, Ills., raised $500 on alleged fraudulent checks in Zeeland, Mich. He has not been apprehended.

The postoffice at Gundy Center, Ia., was robbed. Two hundred dollars and a few stamps were secured.

The infant daughter of Jonas Christophel of Goshen, Ind., pulled a kettle of boiling water over upon itself and was scalded to death.

Orlando Keifer, a farmer living near Vandalia, Ills., was killed while felling timber. A heavy limb fell and struck him on the head.

The little son of Mr. and Mrs. Collins of Middlebury, Ind., was burned to death. His clothing caught fire at a stove.

Mrs. Henry Knott, while waiting for a train at Kendallville, Ind., was given a babe to care for a short time. The supposed mother did not return.

Elias Thompson left his home it Attica, Ind. Later he was found dead in a cornfield.

At the town of Cushing, O. T., fifty miles east of Guthrie, William Johnson, a saloonkeeper, shot and killed an unknown man who raised a disturbance in his saloon.

Albert Zeller of Des Moines committed suicide with a razor. He was daft.

James Mahon gave the Gotham police bogus information and as a result will winter at Blackwell's island.

* * *

When Treasurer Nebeker returns to Washington from Indiana James W. Whelpley, the assistant treasurer of the United States, will resign his position. Mr. Whelpley will became first vice president of a trust company.

William Hall has been sentenced at Manitowoc, Mich., to two years' imprisonment for horse stealing.

Albert Schaeffer, a tramp charged with assaulting a farmer's daughter in St. Clair county, Ills., has become insane.

The building occupied by the Milwaukee Gas Stove company was damaged by fire to the extent of $10,000.

A court at Richmond, Ind., has decided that the legacy of $30,000 to the Morrison library, left by Mrs. Mark Reeves, is valid.

James Goodrich, the 16-year-old son of William Goodrich, living near Coldwater, Mich., committed suicide by shooting himself.

Mrs. E. Sweet of West Leroy, Mich., gave her infant son a warm bath for convulsions. The water was so hot that it scalded the child to death.

Farmers near Hutchinson, Minn., are grinding their wheat, and from the sale of the flour are getting 25 cents per bushel above the present prices for their wheat.

The total amount of the deficiency of County Clerk Dunlap of Ford county, Ills., who disappeared a year ago, has been found to be $21,000. This is $2,000 more than had been supposed.

John Andersen was arrested near Galesburg, Ills., for insanity. He had been given work and shelter by a farmer, but he drove the family from the house, barricaded the doors, and held possession until arrested.

The estate of the late Henry Thomas Coghlan of England, valued at over $5,000,000, is now in litigation. No will has been found, and the next of kin are a brother, a sister and a cousin. Miss Rhoda Broughton is a first cousin once removed.

* * *

Anderson, an alleged road man arrested in Galesburg, Ills., is suspected of being implicated in a cutting affray at Red Oak, Ia., and a robbery at Biasco, Ills.

The patent infringement case of George W. Brown, inventor of the corn planter, against the Keystone Manufacturing company, has been settled. The case had been in litigation for nineteen years.

In a union revival meeting in progress at Fairbury, Ills., 100 conversions have been reported.

James G. Longstreet, an accomplished architect and son of General Longstreet, has opened an office in Atlanta.

A 70-year old man dropped dead in the Union depot at Terre Haute, Ind. He is supposed to be P. C. Saylor of Tennessee.

The Michigan mining school at Houghton asks for $70,000 from the legislature for a new building for the mechanical and electrical department and supplies for two years.

Many people are flocking to South Dakota to secure divorce in the hope of acquiring a residence before the legislature extends the period of residence to six months.

Gust Carlson while crossing from Bayfield, Wis., to Madeline island on the ice was nearly killed by his dogs. He was driving them hitched to a sled, when they became unruly and turned on him.

The plant of the Western Manufacturing company of Menasha, Wis., was sold to Silas Bullard and W. P. Rounds of Menasha for $16,000. It will be fitted up as a factory for ruling fine paper.

Judge Ollett, in the circuit court in Valparaiso, Ind., decided that a grand jury could not make demands upon bank officers for their books containing the names of depositors.

The Pullman Palace Car company has appealed the case of the city of Omaha attaching its cars for taxes to the federal court.

Two million dollars, says the Boston Journal, seems to be a fair estimate of the amount of Massachusetts money which was poured into the Iron Hall sieve.

Mrs. William Coreau dropped dead in the presence of her little children at Jacksonville, Ills.

* * *

The literary societies of the University of Wisconsin have accepted a challenge from Michigan University to a joint debate to take place in March.

The next palace announced for construction in upper New York is that of August Belmont. The location will be Fifth avenue and Eighty-first street and the cost will be about $500,000. The site, comprising five lots, cost $275,000.

C. D. Ives has resigned his position as general freight agent of the Burlington, Cedar Rapids and Norther railway, to take effect Feb. 1. T. H. Simmons will assume the duties temporarily.

A Massachusetts legislative committee is considering a proposal to abolish the state's historic spring fast day. Popular interpretation of what "a day of fasting, humiliation, and prayer" should be has made the observance a farce.

Emery Sinnett, a motoneer at Rockford, Ills., has received word that his mother, who resides in Lake county, Ind., had fallen heir to an estate of $3,000,000.

The old Burnet house of Cincinnati is to give way to a million-dollar structure combining hotel, office, and bank room.

The Des Moines Register suggests that Iowa's gift to her great warship namesake shall be a mammoth golden ear of corn for the vessel's figurehead.

The Great Northern Railway company announces that the name of the Twin City stock yards has been changed to Minneapolis stock yards.

Covington, Ind., illuminated by electric lights for the first time in its history.

Edmund Luther, aged 70, of South Bend, Ind., stepped into an office to rest and suddenly dropped dead.

The thirtieth session of the international conference of the Seventh Day Adventists will be held in Battle Creek, Mich., next month.

The late Bishop Phillips Brooks had a private business arrangement with a Boston photographer by which a royalty was paid on each photograph of his that was sold, the proceeds to be devoted to charitable purposes.

* * *

Arthur Foil, a notorious desperado and horsethief, was killed by a convict guard while making a daring attempt to escape from the Kansas penitentiary.

Aaron Ireland of Humrick, Ills., shot himself accidentally while hunting. He died of his injuries.

The Hon. Richard Lee of Waupaca, Wis., was seriously injured by a runaway team crashing into his cutter.

Thomas Pearson, aged 18, was killed at Kokomo, Ind., by a piece of ice falling from a building and striking him on the head.

The adopted daughter of Ernest Sauerwein, a farmer living near St. Libory, Ills., was kidnaped while at school. No trace has been obtained of the abductors.

William Harper shot and fatally wounded Willie Lewis at Cincinnati. The boys, aged 15 and 16 years, respectively, were playing duel.

In the United States court at Springfield, Ills., Edward F. A. Chapman of Murphysboro was awarded $2,000 damages for personal injuries sustained while a passenger on the road.

Herman Zimmerman of Kansas City, aged 10, in trying to arouse his brother, Peter, supposing a gun to be empty, placed a cap on it, pointed it at Peter's head and said: "Get up, or I'll shoot you." The gun was discharged and Peter fell dead.

Mr. Vanderbilt's gift to Yale for a dormitory is unlimited. If the proper building can be built for $40,000 all right; if not, then, if necessary, double it.

Overcome by losses in financial transactions William Drain Miller, a large property owner of Chapman, Kan., shot and killed himself.

Edward Grant of Aurora, Ind., was asphyxiated by falling back into a tank of gasoline into which he had descended on a ladder.

Over one thousand people visited an unknown man found in the ice near Columbus, Ind., but no one can identify him.

John Wardley, a mining laborer at Virginia City, Wis., was blown to atoms by the premature explosion of a blast.

Michael and Joseph Sponer were bound over to the circuit court in the sum of $2,000 at Menominee, Mich., for attempting to murder Hotel Keeper Stauber.

Jerry Simpson's daughter is attending Baker university, Kansas.

Heber C. Bond, of Barnard, Mo., has issued a public proclamation to the citizens generally announcing his desire for the postoffice in that town.

Mrs. Mary H. C. Tanner, the only surviving child of Theodore Hook, is living in England, a poor and neglected widow. She is 73 years of age.

General Sheridan's law practice is said to have yielded him about $40,000 a year for several years, and his income from this and other sources certainly reaches twice that figure.

A big strike iron is reported to have been made on the Menominee river, near Wauceda, Wis.

THE HAWAII QUESTION.

President and Cabinet Reticent Touching Their Views.

WANT TIME FOR CAREFUL STUDY.

The President Said To Be Not Averse to Leaving the Annexation of Hawaii as Another Monument to His Administration, if It Could Be Brought About Without Serious International Complications—Senators in Favor of It.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 30.—The president and members of the cabinet are extremely reticent touching their views on the Hawaii question. So are most of the house and senate foreign affairs committees. The question has come upon them so suddenly and is such a big one that they are unwilling to express an opinion without careful study and consultation. The president is reported as saying that until the arrival of the commissioners and consultation not only with them, but among leading men in this country, irrespective of party, no conclusion should be reached. Secretary of State Foster is of the same opinion. However, it is understood that President Harrison would not be averse to leaving this as another monument to his administration if it could be brought about without serious international complications.

Favors Prompt Acquiescence.

The majority of the members of the senate foreign affairs committee look with favor upon the proposition, providing that the present treaty arrangements do not interfere, as probably they do not. They are wary, however, of publicly expressing themselves. Senator Morgan, however, makes no secret of his willingness to acquiesce in the desire of Hawaii to enter the United States, and it is understood that Senator Sherman agrees with him. Senator Dolph naturally looks with favor, as do most of the Pacific coast members, upon the proposition. Senator Hiscock, also, of the foreign affairs committee is understood to agree with Senator Warner Miller in his publicly expressed view in favor of the proposition, if it can be carried out without serious international complications. Senator Butler coincides with Senator Morgan.

Blaine Foresaw Annexation.

This frank expression from these two leading Democratic members of the foreign affairs committee will largely influence Democratic senators in favor of the proposition. It is probable that at least a majority of the Republican members of the committee will also favor it. Blaine forsaw annexation. Frye was naturally influenced by Mr. Blaine's view of topics of this kind, and it is well known that Blaine believed Hawaii would in the near future assume closer relations with the United States, either under a protectorate or as a member of the Union. It is thus seen that a majority of the Republican as well as Democratic members of the senate foreign affairs committee look with favor in a general way upon the proposition. There are five Republican members on this committee, and of this number it is understood that four are probably favorable, while of the three Democratic members two of them make no concealment of their favorable views.

Divided in Opinion.

Whether the house committee will be called upon to wrestle with this subject is uncertain. Statesmen are divided in opinion as to whether a public act, passed by both houses, as was the case in the admission of Texas, is necessary, or whether a treaty passed in executive session by the senate will be the only necessary act. It is understood that a majority of the Republican members of the house committee on foreign affairs are inclined to favor the proposition. Chairman Blount, Democrat, is cautious about an expression, but there is reason to believe that he opposes the proposition. McCreary, who is a prominent and influential member of the committee, is absent just now, but there is reason to believe that he will favor the proposition if it can be brought about without serious complications. Chipman of Michigan, who is also a member of the committee, openly favor it, while the other Democratic members are reticent.

Explosion in a Fireworks.

CINCINNATI, Jan. 30.—A terrible explosion occurred Monday morning at the Deihl fireworks plant in Reading, a suburban village eleven miles from this city. The charging house was completely shattered and blazing timbers shot into the air, setting fire to the surrounding buildings. Henry Horne, aged 18, was instantly killed; Gus Gerwin, 24, fatally injured. Ollie White and Tillie Matt, both of them about 18 years old, were seriously burned. Many others were more or less injured. The cause of the explosion is not known.

Joseph H. Sutton of Herrick, Ills., was so badly frozen in the storm of Friday night that he died.

The Iron Hall case has been appealed to the supreme court of Indiana.

A son of James Ellison, who lives in Vandalia, Ills., was thrown from a sled while coasting, and received injuries from which he died.

Eyesight Saved

After Scarlet Fever, Diphtheria, Pneumonia and other prostrating diseases, Hood's Sarsaparilla is unequalled to thoroughly purify the blood and give needed strength. Read this:

Clifford Blackman.

"My boy had Scarlet Fever when 4 years old, leaving him very weak and with blood poisoned with canker. His eyes became inflamed, his sufferings were intense, and for 7 weeks he could not even open his eyes. I took him to the Eye and Ear Infirmary, but their remedies did him no good. I began giving him

Hood's Sarsaparilla

which soon cured him. I know it saved his sight. [illegible] A. S. F. BLACKMAN, 208S Washington St., Boston, Mass.

HOOD'S PILLS are the best after-dinner Pills, assist digestion, cure headache and biliousness.

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I make the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a free bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. address. Dr. H. G. ROOT, M. C. 183 Pearl St., N. Y.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

TERMS:

One Year, Single Subscription $2.50
Six Months 1.25
Single Copies 05
Clubs of five or more, by mail, yearly each. 2.00

All Subscriptions payable in Advance.

Entered at the Postoffice, Chicago, for transmission through the Mail as second-class matter.

The publishers will not be responsible for any money forwarded through the mail, unless it is sent by Express Money Order, Postoffice Order, Draft, or Registered Letter.

All Communications of a literary nature should be addressed to the Editor. All business letters should be addressed to The Citizen Newspaper Company.

CHICAGO, FEBRUARY 4, 1893.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st, between Clark and LaSalle-sts—Nat C. Goodwin.

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington sts.—August Junkermann.

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—The Bostonians.

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—Mlle. Rhea in "Camille."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—DeWolf Hopper Opera Co. in "Wang."

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, betwcet Dearborn and Clark—Clara Morris.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st., between Halsted and Union—"Mr. Wilkinson's Widows."

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—"After Dark."

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash-av. and Hubbard-court—Battle of Gettysburg. Open from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m., Sundays included.

LIBBY PRISON WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets. Open daily and Sundays from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway;
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an Empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

MR. BLAINE'S DEATH AND POLICY.

The death of James G. Blaine, like a blow long threatened and suspended, but not the less dreaded, was announced to the world on Friday of last week. It was the disappearance from the public landscape of a towering peak, snow-covered and sublime, upon which the eyes of millions were fixed. Other peaks remain in our American political Alps, but none that reached his altitude, or that could be seen by all who looked, not in one country alone, but all around the earth. This great man had a personal fascination which strongly attracted his kind, whether friendly or in opposition. He was bitterly assailed throughout his comparatively short and stormy life, but he was as truly loved and as loyally sustained by the masses of the American people, of all elements, as any leader who ever entered the political arena. He was not a favorite with the machine politicians of his own party. He was hated by the anti-liberal mugwumps, who knifed him in 1884, but the rank and file of the Republican party adored him, and he rallied beneath his standard the largest Democratic contingent that ever followed the fortunes of a Republican presidential candidate. This was the greatest tribute ever paid to genius, and the greatest rebuke ever administered to mediocrity.

But more even than the overmastering talent which distinguished him as a statesman, an orator, and a writer, James G. Blaine owed his amazing popularity to his intense Americanism. Although he has passed from earth, and is dead forever more to earthly policies and ambitions, still he lived long enough to accomplish the great purpose of his life, which was to make the United States of America independent of any insolent patronage and degrading toleration of foreign powers, and to so gird this government with armor of proof as to defy the malice or aggression of powerful and jealous rivals.

His state policy marked an era of true manhood in modern American diplomacy. He never invited a state of war, but he never shrank from the possibility of hostilities if he conscientiously believed that America was in the right. When terribly embarrassed, and apparently placed on the defensive by the Italian minister, owing to the New Orleans mob massacre, he said, with dignified firmness, "America has never taken orders from any foreign government, and she is not going to begin now." At the same time he recognized the good grounds the Italian nation had for anger, and settled the difficulty in a manner that at once preserved American honor and dignity, and satisfied Latin susceptibility. There can be no doubt that he boldly outlined our foreign policy in the Chilian and Bering Sea difficulties, but credit must be given to President Harrison for having, when the Secretary's illness and subsequent resignation left him virtually alone, extricated the honor and the interests of the country in a manner that won enthusiastic approval from all parties in the republic.

Blaine, like Napoleon, concentrated his glory within a period of about twenty years. From 1864 to 1884 was the period of his greatest power, and his later achievements in diplomacy were only what his people expected from his illustrious antecedents as a patriot and a legislator. Had the state of his health permitted, he would have been the candidate of his party, almost without opposition, in 1888, and that he would have won, subsequent events showed only too plainly. General Harrison benefitted by Mr. Blaine's Democratic following to the extent of about 60 per cent. That he lost a large proportion of this vote, chiefly because of the general dissatisfaction of the working-people, and the intrusion of issues not approved by Mr. Blaine, is undeniable. The partial abandonment of Mr. Harrison was not so much a repudiation of him, as of a portion of the platform which his candidacy represented, and which Blaine's candidacy would have modified. As Cleveland's letter "took the sting out of" the outrageous Democratic national platform of June, 1892. If Blaine had been in nomination against Cleveland last fall, it is difficult to say how the struggle would have terminated.

If Blaine were now living, and in charge of the portfolio of state, he would be heartily in accord with the president's policy in regard to the annexation of Hawaii as announced from Washington. Those islands belong to us of right, particularly with the free will of their people, and the insolence of English, or any other intervention, to defraud us out of our rightful dues, should be promptly met, no matter what the ulterior consequences. If we permit foreign dictation now, we will have to permit it always, and Blaine's policy was ever the commonsense one, that an ounce of warlike precaution is worth pounds of diplomatic cure.

Whenever any great American policy is propounded, or whenever American interests are anywhere placed at issue, the memory of James G. Blaine will rise in the American heart, and his name will be on the American tongue and pen. Apropos of this, the New York *Sun* of Jan. 30, writing editorially on the Hawaiian question, says:

"That the acquisition of Hawaii by the United States was a cardinal point in Mr. Blaine's broad American policy there is not the slightest doubt. Like all other patriotic statesmen who have considered the subject, he regarded this group of islands as our natural outpost in the Pacific. His mind continually contemplated the contingency which has now arisen. To safeguard American interests in the Hawaiian Islands, blocking every new move in the constant game of intrigue played by foreign powers for the possession of that group, was in his view a prime duty of American statesmanship, as it was in the view of his distinguished predecessors in the Department of State, Daniel Webster, William L. Marcy, and William H. Seward. When Mr. Blaine became Secretary of State four years ago one of his first cares was to station at Honolulu, as United States Minister to Hawaii, his intimate and trusted personal friend, the Hon. John L. Stevens of Augusta.

"It is now only two months since Minister Stevens printed in his newspaper, the Kennebec *Journal*, a remarkable article designed to prepare public opinion in the United States for the great opportunity that is now before Congress. With as much precision as diplomatic propriety allowed he notified this country of the actual situation in the Sandwich Islands, and warned us that the day was at hand when the ownership of Hawaii must be settled for all time. The *Sun* copied Mr. Stevens' article of warning and appeal when it appeared, late in November. As a statement of the Hawaiian question in its broadest aspects, and as a reflection of Mr. Blaine's own opinions on the subject, Minister Stevens' article gains infinitely in importance and interest by the events that have occurred since it was written. For that reason we print it again and commend it to the careful consideration of every American whose patriotism looks beyond tomorrow. 'Time and tide,' as this faithful representative of American interests said two months ago, 'wait neither for men nor for nations.' The question presented to Congress by the arrival of the Hawaiian delegates is not a question of partisan politics or of conventional policies, but of national opportunity and manifest destiny."

Yes, the purely commercial and politically short-sighted among the American people may shrink from the assertion of our national prerogatives even to the cannon's mouth, but there is enough chivalry left in the Nation, North and South, to maintain the national interests and the national honor. The country has grown vastly since Washington warned it to beware of entangling alliances. What was good policy for three millions of people would be absurd for sixty-five. THE CITIZEN greatly doubts the alleged disposition of France to aid England and Germany in any policy of aggression against us, and it has full confidence that Russia will always oppose what England favors. If we have to fight about the annexation of Hawaii, THE CITIZEN predicts that we will not have to fight unaided.

We hope to see the strong, manly policy of Mr. Blaine carried out to the purpose. America could build no nobler monument to the dead statesman than to annex the Sandwich group, and admit them in time to statehood under the designation of Blaineland, which would be much more dignified and American sounding than their present title. They would thus commemorate the name and the fame of the greatest American statesman of more recent times, of whom it can be said in truth as it was said of another in the spirit of rhetoric, "The Secretary stood alone: modern degeneracy had not reached him." In a sense, he was ahead of the politicians of his times, but he was never ahead of the true sentiment of the people, which ever keeps pace, in all intelligent and progressive communities, with the foremost leaders of national thought and opinion. Above the fresh mound which marks the last resting place of the American popular idol, Columbia joins the hands of all her children in tribute to his genius, and in attestation of his grand love of country.

WHY NOT CRITICIZE THE BILL?

"The Irish National League of America" is out with a fulmination directed against the insufficiency of Gladstone's Home Rule programme. This, it would seem, has thrown the Dublin *Freeman's Journal* into a fit of rage. Yet why should it? The Irish National League of America has its being in a free country, where full discussion of all public measures is allowed. THE CITIZEN, while not advocating a sweeping denunciation of Mr. Gladstone's propositions, or alleged propositions, deems it only right to tell the English plainly what American citizens of Irish birth or origin think of the bill. This can do no harm. American friends of Ireland, like Senator Hoar of Massachusetts, and Chauncey Depew of New York, are nervously anxious lest the expression of adverse Irish-American opinion should entirely defeat the bill, and thus throw back all hope of relief for a hundred years. THE CITIZEN begs leave to assure the gentlemen named that it was not cowardly acquiescence in English measures, however inadequate or unworthy, that brought Home Rule to its present prominence. It was boldness of expression as well as boldness of action. THE CITIZEN does not believe in what is called "being unreasonable," by certain writers of the press who never did a thing to advance the cause, but who, on the contrary, sneered at it until truer and braver men made it what time-servers and flunkeys deem respectable. The persons, some of them of Irish birth, who now sneer at "hillsiders" and "extremists" forget that it was these very elements that stirred whatever of latent manhood the slavish element in Ireland possessed, and made, by physical sacrifice, "moral revolution" possible and effective. There should be mutual toleration. Bitter words do no good, and they can, if necessary, be returned with compound interest. There are still plenty of cowards left to "mock the patriot's fate," but the Irish people will build monuments to the "hillsiders" when their critics are buried in deserved oblivion.

THE CITIZEN would say to the Irish at home and abroad: This is the proper time in which to discuss the Gladstone Home Rule bill. If there is anything good in it, let it be adopted. If there is anything vicious in it, let it be rejected. If the good in it predominates over the bad, let it be accepted as a whole, with the distinct understanding that it will not be regarded as a final settlement, but simply an installment paid to Ireland on account of a bill of justice against England long overdue. If the bad in the bill predominates over the good, it should be rejected as a whole, and if the English people, who have the casting vote, don't choose to amend it, that is their look out. They are much mistaken, though, Liberals and Tories alike, if they suppose that the end of Home Rule would be the end of the Irish struggle. On the contrary, were Ireland once assured that Home Rule was decently interred, "the war of centuries," in a different shape, would blaze out more fiercely than ever.

MISS KOLLOCK AND HER TOUR.

The "Rev." Miss Florence Kollock, at one time pastor of the Englewood Universalist Church, and now "called" to assume the pastorate of the Universalist Church at Pasadena, Cal., has been making a tour of "Yorrup," and has been unburdening her experiences in a daily paper. Among other things Miss Kollock said:

"At London University and at Gresham College I studied Egyptology and took a course of lectures on Syrian and Babylonian history at the British Museum. Then, as a contrast, I went to Ireland and looked into the Irish question as thoroughly as I was able in so short a time. I talked about Home Rule and its prospects with the people and found a wide diversity of opinion. In the North the sentiment is tremendously against Home Rule, while in the South the more thoughtful are not sure that the time has yet come for the change. Personally, I think the Irish people need first a chance to make homes for themselves and an opportunity to earn an honest living without depending upon the whims of a tyrannical or thoughtless landlord. My study and observation have led me to believe that Gladstone is an ambitious old man, whose intellectual powers are failing, though I realize that this is far from the popular impression."

Miss Kollock's experiences were evidently among those who have ever been the enemies of Irish freedom in any shape that did not give them the ascendancy in everything—the Irish Orangemen and Tories. The best answer to Miss Kollock and her Tory friends is that Ireland, out of 103 members, and in spite of an acrimonious division in the National ranks, has returned eighty members to Parliament pledged to Home Rule. That is the real test, Miss Kollock.

COLONEL PHOCION HOWARD.

THE CITIZEN deeply regrets to announce the sudden death of its cheery old friend, Col. Joseph William Bert Howard, better known as "Phocion" Howard, which occurred at 6 o'clock on Wednesday evening, at his home near Danville, Ill. Heart failure is the reported cause of death. Col. Howard, who was reading Clerk to the Senate of Illinois, returned home from Springfield on Friday week, complaining of indisposition. He had not been in good health—his chief trouble being liver complaint—since last September. He had been walking around the house during the day, and toward evening lay down upon the bed to read. His wife, who had gone out of the room for a few minutes, was horrified on her return to find him dead. Col. Howard was a most unique character, and had more personal friends among all classes of public men than, perhaps, any man in Illinois. He was by profession a newspaper man, and had edited several prominent papers. Born in Rising Sun, Ind., July 4, 1833, he would have been 60 years of age had he lived to see the next national anniversary. He received a sound, early education and had traveled much, both in this country and Europe. He served in the Union army during the civil war, and was a candidate for the adjutancy of the National Soldiers' Home at Quincy, Ill., at the time of his death.

Col. Howard represented the Chicago *Tribune* on the frontier during a portion of the Indian war of 1876, and wrote graphic letters from the scene of hostilities. He was twice married and his second wife, whose maiden name was Miss Mary Atherton, survives him. The remains of the Colonel will be interred on his farm of Barataria, to which he was greatly attached, under the auspices of the Grand Army posts of Danville.

THE "QUEEN'S SPEECH."

The "talking shop of Westminster," as Tom Carlyle used to call the British Parliament, has just resumed business on the old stand. The proceedings were enlivened by the buffoonery which the British ass usually indulges in on such occasions. The vaults of the House were examined by argus-eyed officials, armed with lanterns, who reported that there were no Guy Fawkeses, or saucy Socialists or devilish dynamiters lurking and plotting treason in their mysterious depths. When the Commoners were assured that the coast was thus clear of all her Majesty's enemies, they were treated to what is lyingly called the "Queen's speech." In the first place the speech in question is not written nor is it even inspired by the little old lady herself, nor secondly does she ever, save at rare intervals condescend to deliver it in person. In fact, the address of the Queen of England to her trusty Lords and Commons is one of those polite but stale and antique fictions that have contributed to render the British constitution a shrieking farce and and a grinning absurdity. The premier of the day pens the document which is usually delivered by one of Vic's liveried lackeys. In the lucubration read out last Wednesday to the assembled legislators the sovereign is supposed to refer to the situation in Egypt in terms in which we find the usual British brag and bluster discreetly veiled under the statement that the British army of occupation in that country will "be slightly augmented." The Khedive has, it appears, promised never to be a naughty boy again. He will for the future nominate no minister to any office whatsoever unless with the consent and permission of the Downing street government, whose minions mean evidently to keep their unholy hands more tightly than ever on Egypt's neck till the crack of doom, or until they are driven by force from the land of the Pyramids to which they can have no possible, probable, or justifiable claim under heaven.

Further on in the document the "queen" is pleased to observe that the coercion act has been practically repealed in Ireland, and graciously admits that there are not now so many agrarian criminals in that country as there used to be—a piece of royal impertinence truly astouding. The reference in the address to Home Rule betrays the fine old Roman hand of that inimitable word-juggler, Gladstone, who believes with Tallyrand that language was given to man to conceal his thoughts. "A bill," writes the Premier through the medium of his queen, "has been prepared with the desire to afford important relief to Parliament, and to furnish additional securities to the strength and stability of my empire." The extreme caution that must have been used in penning this discreet paragraph, is a proof that the late Mr. Parnell was not so very much astray when he dubbed the writer of it a "grand old spider." Whether the ambiguity of the phrase was meant to be a sop to the anti-Irish maw of Victoria who assumed responsibility for the words, or whether it was simply one of these pet pieces of English diction in which Gladstone loves to display the "exuberance of his own verbosity," as the late Beaconsfield put it, THE CITIZEN cannot for the present satisfactorily determine. However it looks suspiciously as if Gladstone has not the courage of his convictions when he speaks or writes in the name of his royal mistress. He is evidently very much afraid of treading on the antiquated corns of the tender-footed little lady. In any case, Ireland can well afford to wait for a few weeks longer in order to discover what the paragraph in question really means. THE CITIZEN hopes that it may not turn out to be a repitition of the well known fable of the mountain and the mouse.

HOME RULE OR WHAT?

If the synopsis of Mr. Gladstone's new Home Rule bill, which we publish elsewhere in this issue, is anything at all like the document itself, the old statesman must have been studying the Ten Commandments, to the exclusion of all other reading matter, before he drafted the document. Every other sentence begins with "Thou shalt not" to Ireland. The very meanest privileges freely accorded to an American State are denied to her, and the veto power on acts she may pass lies in the Queen's lord lieutenant and general governor of Ireland. All this is decidedly disappointing, as well as the temporary retention by the English government of power over the constabulary, the land question and the judiciary.

There are, however, some few features of the bill which may commend themselves to some people who are easily satisfied, and who fly into ecstacies when robbers, having deprived them of all else they possess, generously offer them a shilling wherewith to buy a breakfast, if they can find one. The name of a parliamentary body sitting in Dublin, to "legislate" for Ireland under English supervision, may appear a great boon to the easily satisfied persons we have referred to, but how will the masses of the people take it? THE CITIZEN has no desire to carp at, or throw cold water upon, the alleged Home Rule bill, but why is Ireland discriminated against in matters that are conceded, as a matter of course, to Canada and Australia, New Zealand and the African colonies? The right to control her own militia is withheld. The right to confer public honors, titles, etc., is withheld. The right to make any treaty whatever is withheld. In short everything is withheld that is at present denied her, except the right to meet and pass laws becoming to a county convention, or grand jury, but unbecoming to the legislature of the ancient nation and kingdom of Ireland.

The "moderate men" will say, "but it is a beginning in the right direction." Well perhaps it is, but why not begin all right? Why should England continue for any length of time in control of the land question, which she has blundered, sometimes stupidly, sometimes malignantly, during all her Irish reign? Why should she retain control of the constabulary? Is it because she fears the Irish executive might refuse their loan to the landlords for the purpose of carrying out heartless evictions?

Then the judiciary. If there ever was a question that, more than another, inflamed the masses of the Irish people against English rule, it is this control of the judicial functions of their country by England. It is notorious that, with but few exceptions, the Irish judges appointed since the Union—they were bad enough before—have been the most partisan and bigoted creatures that ever disgraced the ermine. They were generally promoted to the bench, as in the case of Keogh, for having betrayed the confidence of the people and then the latter were asked to believe in the honor of men they knew to be knaves and perjurers. Such a judiciary would not be tolerated in any State of the American Union twenty-four hours.

THE CITIZEN is willing to admit that the financial propositions of the new bill, if truly presented, are more satisfactory than those in the bill of 1886, but that is about the only improvement it can discover on the old document.

We greatly doubt that the English will sustain even this poor apology for a bill. The commons may pass it, by a slim majority, but that the lords will throw it back upon the country is certain. Then, if in the new election Gladstone should be beaten, there will be an end of home rule and moral appeals to the alleged English conscience. Ireland will stand with her back to the wall—a good position for a country driven to desperation—and then we will see what we shall see. So, too, will the English.

A SUGGESTIVE incident occurred a week or two ago at a meeting of the Cork corporation, at which a resolution was passed by both Nationalists and Tories, that the city of Cork's congratulations should be tendered to Leo XIII on the occasion of the golden jubilee of his episcopate. The Nationalists voted for it as children of the church; but Sir John Scott, a Tory and Protestant member of the body, added that his side of the house was in complete harmony with the other on this question inasmuch as Leo XIII had on one occasion so vehemently denounced boycotting and the Plan of Campaign! The Nationalists present must have made some very wry faces over this unpalatable declaration, which happened to be an historical fact that could not be denied.

TWENTY thousand men marched last Sunday night in a torchlight procession through the streets of Dublin. On the banners that floated over their heads were the words, "Amnesty the Political Prisoners." This successful demonstration proves beyond yea or nay that the Irish capital is determined that the chains must fall from the limbs of Irish martyrs in English dungeons before any possible peace can be established on Home Rule lines between Ireland and the British government. Every week adds to the tortures of these brave if unfortunate felons whose immediate release is absolutely necessary if the Gladstonian ministry wish to show their sincerity of purpose in conceding justice to the Irish people.

THE jolly Yankee tars of the Boston did good service at Hawaii. Good for the new navy.

MR. CLEVELAND is reported as being annoyed at the premature development of the Hawaiian question. He would like to settle it himself. Never mind, Grover, it is in very good hands at present. You will have plenty of jobs of a kindred nature in the course of your reign. Put Bayard back as secretary of state, and if crawfishing will save America from foreign war, he will be her savior.

IT seems that the state of Massachusetts is grumbling about the limited space placed at its disposal on the World's Fair grounds. Merchants living along the eastern seaboard threaten to boycott us, as they assume that Chicago is having the lion's share of the Exposition all to herself. These gentlemen ought to remember that space must be given to the exhibits of the entire universe in our city, and that every state of the Union can only hope for a certain amount of that space in proportion to the worth and merits of the goods it has to display. They might also take the flattering unction to their souls that Chicago needs no larger representation than her position as the second city of the United States justly entitles her to.

THE congressmen who oppose the annexation of Hawaii to the United States are unfit to hold a public trust.

THE political and legal difficulties in the way of a settlement of the question of the Paris Irish funds are, it appears, as yet unsolved. "How long, O Lord, how long?" is still the cry of the unfortunate evicted tenants of Ireland.

THE next budget, issued by the British government, will, it is said, include a proviso for the payment of members of parliament. This will be a toothsome and spicy piece of news to Messrs. McCarthy and Redmond and their respective followers, particularly at a moment when Irish-Americans are keeping a tighter grip than ever of their moneybags.

WHEN Seward purchased Alaska for $7,000,000 from Russia, the opposition in congress said it was paying money for an iceberg. Yet it has proved a most valuable acquisition. So will Hawaii.

THOMAS CALLAN, who was recently released from an English prison, where he suffered five years' confinement as an alleged dynamiter, arrived in Lowell, Mass., on Tuesday. Callan was sentenced in London five years ago to fifteen years' imprisonment. He has been confined at Chatham and Portland prisons. He says that the prison methods are depriving the Irish political prisoners of their reason. They are not allowed to speak and solitary confinement is imposed if the men are even suspected of whispering. He says that Dr. Gallagher of Brooklyn, who was a fellow-prisoner, is insane, but the officials say he is shamming. One of the other alleged dynamiters, Callan says, has become a driveling idiot. Callan is 52 years of age and unmarried, and is a veteran of the war.

Irish Federationists.

Last Sunday a meeting was held at the Grand Pacific Hotel for the purpose of establishing a local branch of the Irish National Federation of America. It was decided to hold a mass-meeting at an early date. The immediate object is to raise funds for the Irish Parliamentary party to enable its members to remain in their places in the house of commons while the bitter fight Tories and Unionists are sure to wage against Mr. Gladstone's bill is carried on. Judge Moran presided at the meeting. Among those present were Justice Dooley, A. A. Canavan, John Goodwin, Charles Corkery, Dr. Guerin, Justice White, M. W. Kerwin, Senator Noonan, Timothy Sullivan, H. T. Fitzgibbon, P. J. Cahill, William Halley, M. McDonough, D. H. Pinney, David Sullivan. Another meeting will be held at the Grand Pacific Hotel next Sunday.

Prevention is Better

Than cure, and those who are subject to rheumatism can prevent attacks by keeping the blood pure and free from the acid which causes the disease. For this purpose Hood's Sarsaparilla is used with great success.

T. Shea, Tailor.

126 Madison-st

We carry the Latest Designs in Foreign and Domestic Woolens. We make fine suits for $20, $25, $30 and up to $60, also pants from $5 to $12. Satisfaction guaranteed.

GLIMPSES OF MEXICO.

Obtained From the Old Note Book of a Travelling Correspondent.

Woes of Wayfarers Before the Railroad—The Church of Santa Brigida and Shrine of Guadalupe—Unpleasant Experiences.

[*For The Citizen.*]

The capital of the republic of Mexico deserves, even more than Brooklyn, the title of "the City of Churches." It is not my desire in this sketch to be severely statistical, but when I state that the City of Mexico, with a population of about 250,000, contains, besides its noble cathedral, fifteen parish churches and forty other churches, chapels, "convents" and missons it will be seen, at a glance, that Spanish example and influence have left an indelible mark on the venerable and historic place. Before the days of Juarez, who, as most people know, was a native Mexican Indian "without a cross," and a fanatical hater of clerical influence, which he regarded as being, in some measure, a survival of Spanish rule, the religious establishments were even more numerous. Under the Indian president, a vast amount of church property was confiscated to the use of the State, and hundreds of tons of precious metals, used in sanctuary railings, statues, ornaments and bells were seized upon, melted down and converted into hard cash for the payment of the national army engaged in the field against the French, the Austrians and the Mexican traitors who supported the absurd pretensions of the Archduke Maximilian to the throne of an imperial Mexico. Several of the larger convents, or monasteries, were declared vacant and suffered demolition. Through one of them—I think San Francisco or San Fernando—no less than three broad streets have been run, but the popular feeling, which tolerated such proceedings in times of public turmoil, when the Church party was more than suspected of favoring imperialism, would not permit of wholesale confiscation under the firm, but judicious, regime of Porfirio Diaz. Juarez, however, destroyed for all time the prestige of the clerical element as a political factor in Mexico, and religion has been benefitted rather than injured by his policy. While many Mexican priests, like the illustrious Hidalgo, died in defense of their country's liberty, many others incurred the anger of their countrymen by a persistent meddlesomeness on the side of conservatism that was certain to end in their permanent discomfiture. Throughout all the turmoil of the Juarez period, one churchman stood out prominently on the Liberal side—Right Rev. Richard Gillow—half Englishman half Spaniard—who has been appointed Bishop of Oajacca, the birthplace of President Diaz. The father of the bishop settled in Mexico about the time of the death of Iturbide, and married a daughter of one of the haughtiest families of the capital, who also possessed immense wealth. The elder Gillow, at one time, took great interest in the affairs of the city, and one of its largest hotels bears his name, or did bear it up to a very recent period.

Nearly every church has some special observation which is conscientiously complied with by all communicants, and, in nearly all, offerings of different kinds are hung up on brackets near the shrine of the patron saint, which has invariable a prominent position in every Mexican church. One chapel, in an obscure and poverty stricken part of the city, used to be frequented by the hardest characters, in whom crime had not entirely destroyed the fear of the hereafter. Even robbers left their blood-stained tributes on the shrine, in the hope of placating the patron saint, and, in the days of war and plunder, many costly things were there deposited; but, when civil order was restored, the ecclesiastical authorities of Mexico put a stop to the practice, and el Iglesia de los Ladrones, as it was called in derision, no longer exists, at least in that sense. The evil of long continued civil war can be traced in every social feature of Mexico, although much creditable progress has been made within the last dozen years. Prior to that time, the commerce of the country was chiefly in the hands of the Germans, the British and the French. Native capital was scared from investment at home because of the odious system of public robbery that prevailed. No man could tell how long any administration might last. The president of today might be the fugitive of tomorrow, and the constitutionalists of the morning might be the revolutionists of the afternoon. The rival armies, or rather "armed mobs," plundered right and left, and, unless protected by the flag of some powerful European state, property, either public or private, seemed to have no rights which Mexicans of any party were called upon to respect, much less to uphold. One day General Miramon, the Imperialist, would appear at the head of a strong force and levy an *impuesto* (tax) on the unfortunate *comerciante* (merchant) or *labrador* (husbandman) often relieving him of half his earthly possessions; and the next along might come General Ortega, the Patriot, to deprive him of the remainder. If he resisted, a blindfold, a pinion and the click of a dozen gunlocks soon settled all his scruples about "giving up." Besides, there was also the *ladrone*, who in those wild times constantly preyed upon the country, to be taken into account. If he was not satisfied the *labrador* in particular might consider himself a doomed man.

The best friends of President Diaz concede that he is a man of despotic force of character, but his most virulent foes cannot deny him the possession of those virtues so great in a ruler—courage, honesty and profound love of country. Since his strong hand has held the reins in Mexico, order has generally held sway in that long distracted commonwealth. The *ladrone* evil has been practically uprooted from the soil. When the robbers are caught red handed, they are disposed of in a very summary manner. Either they are fusilladed on the spot, or else when *en route* to prison they are "rescued" by a body of disguised soldiers, who string them up on roadside trees, and then fill their wretched carcasses with bullets. As lately as 1880, it was difficult to travel on the Mexican highroads in safety, and military escorts always accompanied the *diligencias*, or stage coaches, which carried the mail. A French opera company had a terrible experience some years ago near Guadalajara. They had chartered an omnibus and declined a military escort from Lagos to the former city. When within a few miles of their destination, they were fired upon from ambush, and, before any defensive measures could be taken, they were surrounded, captured and robbed of everything they possessed, even to their shoes and underclothing. The horses were also taken, and the *ladrones* did not have even the decency to leave them enough money with which to procure a meal. What did they do? The plunderers, fortunately, left behind a bundle of English newspapers, which contained notices of a tour in Great Britain. Out of these, the ladies of the party constructed petticoats, and the gentlemen made other garments—well, call them fig leaves. Thus costumed the men, acting as horses, pulled the 'bus load of women into the town at nightfall. They were kindly treated by the citizens, but never recovered their property, although President Juarez, who then guided the destinies of Mexico, sent a large body of troops in pursuit of the marauders.

While I am on this branch of the subject, let me give another instance of the peculiar humor of the Mexican *ladrone*. Back in "the 'seventies," an American named Kelly owned mines in Parral, on the borders of Chihuahua and Durango. He wished to show the produce of the Parral mine, some splendid silver bricks, to his Coahuila partners, and set off one fine morning in his spring wagon, drawn by a good pair of animals. He had to travel a little over a hundred miles. Half way toward his destination, a party of *ladrones* robbed him of his silver specimens. He had not gone more than a dozen miles further when another band took one of his horses. He abandoned the wagon and went forward with his remaining horse. Just on the borders of Coahuila, still another set of robbers dismounted him entirely, and stripped him to the skin besides. In this awful plight, he made his way to an Indian cabin, where an old woman made him a present of a ragged red petticoat, and, in this garb, he had the mortification to present himself to those who expected to see him appear laden down with wealth. On his return journey Mr. Kelly was hardly more fortunate. He rode a wretched mule, and wore only clothes that even *ladrones* would disdain to put on. Enraged at his wisdom, the amiable knights of the road gave him a sound thrashing, and then allowed him to proceed to Parral without further molestation. It is, perhaps, unnecessary to state that Mr. Kelly, soon after his excessively extraordinary experiences, pulled up stakes in Parral, and returned to the bosom of Uncle Samuel, to which he has since clung with a touching filial devotion.

Since the advent of the great trunk railroads, which now traverse the Mexican republic from end to end, the enterprising *ladrone* has found out that his occupation is gone, or nearly so, and travel in Mexico is now as secure, at least, as it is in Arizona, Missouri and Arkansas. The uncompromisingly vigorous policy pursued by Diaz in dealing with the criminal classes, has probably had as much to do with recent Mexican tranquility as even the railroads.

"There is a church erected here in honor of a compatriotess of yours," remarked Major Frank DeGrasse, of the Armoria Americana to me one lovely morning, while we were taking an airing in the pleasant public breathing place known as the Alameda.

"Indeed!" I exclaimed in some astonishment.

"Yes," continued the Major, who, by the way, is a brother of the commander of the celebrated De Grasse battery at Chickamauga, "*el Iglesia de Santa Brigida*, (pronounced Briheeda) otherwise the church of St. Brigid, or Bridget, "who, I believe, was a Kildare woman."

"So she was," I replied. "They used to swear 'by St. Bride of Kildare' in the Emerald Isle, but where is her church?"

Right east of us here, on the *Calle del Colegio de San Juan Letran*, answered the Major.

We proceeded to the place at once, and found a venerable pile from which much of the early Spanish grandeur had departed, but enough still remained, in the way of painting, frescoing and statuary, to make it an object of interest to pilgrims from distant lands. I looked vainly for some token of its Irish origin, other than name it bore. No light gleamed upon the altar.

> Like the bright lamp that shone in Kildare's holy pane
> And burned through whole ages of darkness and storm.

But why the name itself? The Major could only surmise, and probably he was right, that the old church had been christened by some exiled priest, who, driven from Ireland in days of religious persecution, cast his fortunes with Spain, and was finally sent on the Mexican mission.

"A dozen or so of our party are going on an excursion to the shrine of *Santa Maria de Guadalupe* in the morning—will you come?" asked a fair Americano of me one day in the reception room of the Hotel Iturbide.

"With great pleasure," I answered immediately.

"You are to escort Miss ——" said she, with pretty decisiveness. "It is all arranged beforehand."

I bowed acquiescence, and went my way. In the lobby I met Consul General Skilton, who explained that he had been hunting for me all over, as he wished to take me out to the church of Guadalupe de Hidalgo.

"But, Doctor Skilton," said I, "you must pardon me for not going. I have already made an engagement to go there tomorrow with some of our American party."

"Any ladies among them?" he inquired rather drily.

"Why, yes," said I, "several I believe."

"You had better reconnoitre the ground, then, before you commit yourself," he remarked with a peculiar smile.

"What the deuce can make the Consul General so anxious about this exploration?" thought I, but, as the Doctor was a very knowing man, I deemed it prudent to do as he requested.

Guadalupe Hidalgo, the scene of the treaty of 1848 between our government and that of Mexico, is situated nearly three miles north of the capital, and is a dry, dusty, mud-colored pueblita, which is only redeemed from utter insignificance by its two famous churches, erected in honor of Santa Maria de Guadalupe, the patroness of Mexico, and by a holy well which also bears her name. The original, and smaller, church is situated at the top of a steep, but not very lofty, hill, and was built in the sixteenth century. The larger temple is placed at the foot of the eminence, and a zig-zag, stairway-like path leads from one to the other. The holy well, which is railed in, and covered by a sort of summer house structure, is situated a little to the east of the churches. The Mexican tradition is, in brief, that, about the year 1530, the Virgin Mary appeared to a peon named Juan Diego, on the brow of the height, where the older chapel was built in order to appropriately mark the spot; and that, rising into the air, she descended to the place where the well now flows profusely, and, having touched the parched earth with her feet, produced the result achieved by the prophet when he smote the rock with his wand in the desert. All Mexicans stoutly claim that no fountain existed at Guadalupe previously to the celestial visit of Santa Maria. The astonished peasant, Diego, beheld the miracle of the well with awe struck eyes, and, seeing that he was badly frightened, the mysterious visitor, before ascending beyond the clouds, took the peon's serape, or mantle, in her hands, and imprinted upon it her own beautiful and benignant features.

Diego, when he told his strange story to the Spanish priests, presented the miraculous serape in confirmation of it, and so the shrine of Santa Maria came to be built on the sacred hill. The serape was framed in gold, and placed above the altar, where it may still be seen—the companion picture of the napkin of Veronica. After the lapse of a generation or two, the original church was found to be too limited in size for the accommodation of the pilgrims who flocked to it from all parts of Mexico, and so the large edifice came to be erected beneath it. Through all the wars and revolutions that have shaken Mexico, the property of the shrines of Santa Maria has been respected, although all other sacred edifices suffered at the hands of marauders. It is computed that the silver altar and aisle railings, inlaid with gold, are worth $2,000,000, but I consider the statement an exaggeration. In any case, they are worth a great deal of money, and it is to the credit of the Mexican people, and also to the invaders of Mexico under Maximilian, that they have not been disturbed. The temptation to seize upon such treasure, when the fortunes of the country were desperate and money scarce, must have been very strong.

Around on every side are realistic mementos of miracles accomplished by prayers to Santa Maria in times of peril. The most prominent of these singular acknowledgements is a representation of a ship in full sail, hewed out of white stone, and placed there by a Spanish merchant who vowed to erect it in honor of the saint, during a terrible storm at sea, in which he expected to be lost. He considered that his prayers to Santa Maria saved his vessel and his life, and his stone bark is likely to last for centuries in testimony of his gratitude. At certain periods of each year, it is calculated that nearly 1,000,000 pilgrims, from different parts of the country, assemble and join in prayer around the hill of Guadalupe.

I wish I could say as much in witness of Mexican cleanliness, as I can of the religious devotion of the peasants of the sister republic. I understand that, of late, the Mexican government has been enforcing sanitary regulations, but when I visited Guadalupe Hidalgo, with Doctor Skilton, decency recoiled before an unparalleled demonstration of animal debris, in its vilest shape. It was next to impossible to walk up the steps leading from the larger to the smaller church without being defiled by refuse. It was visible in every direction, and my stomach fairly revolted in the presence of the abomination. It was no wonder that, with the combined filth of Guadalupe Hidalgo and the back streets of the capital, typhus fever was a constant and fatal visitor in the otherwise healthful and beautiful City of Mexico.

"How, now, about escorting the ladies to the shrine to-morrow?" asked Doctor Skilton, as we descended the hill to the village, after having taken a draught of heavily oxidized water at Santa Maria's well.

"Can you give me some prescription that will make me an invalid until to-morrow afternoon?" I inquired.

He laughed merrily at my request, and said that my experiences of the day would answer the purpose.

Next morning I was very ill, when a brother journalist called on me to join the excursion party to Guadalupe. They left without me, greatly to my relief. When they returned early in the afternoon, I was informed that a lady of the party had met with an accident while ascending the famous eminence that necessitated an immediate demand on "the resources of civilization" at the hotel. No female member of the excursion group ever mentioned the pilgrimage to Guadalupe, although all other experiences were freely talked of. I must say, in justice to both Dr. Skilton and myself, that we warned the gentlemen of the party, or some of them, in good season not to rush in where angels might well fear to tread, but they heeded us not, and suffered accordingly for their presumption.

Strange as it may seem at least one very happy marriage grew out of the expedition, thus proving that romance is invincible in the season of growth, and that whether "on Carlisle wall," where "the sun shines fair," or on the hill of Guadalupe Hidalgo, where filth used to hold high carnival, "love will still be the lord of all."

J. F. F.

THE ELLIOTT LITERARY CLUB.

At the last regular weekly meeting of the Elliott Literary Club, the following additional artists were secured for the coming concert, which will conclude the program:

W. R. Murphy, the famous Irish piper; Miss Mabelle Barry, the accomplished daughter of Hon. P. T. Barry, of Englewood, and Miss Lizzie Upton. The club offered two valuable prizes to those who will sell the most tickets, and offered a vote of thanks to Fr. Flannigan for hearty indorsement and words of encouragement from the pulpit the previous Sunday. The following gentlemen were elected honorary members: John F. Finerty, Hon. P. T. Barry, Mr. James McHale, W. L. O'Connell, F. W. Connelly, P. J. Doyle, E. A. Mowrer, W. R. Murphy, Ed O'Connell, Ed Eagan, Hugh Gillin, Ed O'Grady, Sr., Prof. J. J. McCarthy, W. L. O'Connor, P. H. Keenan and Judge Hyde of *The New World*. Washington Hesing addressed the club on Tuesday, Jan. 31.

The club has issued an address calling the attention of the people of the parish and citizens generally to the entertainment which is to be held on the evening preceding Washington's birthday, in honor of the father of his country, and to procure funds for the fitting up of a hall and reading room for the Elliott Club, and the young men of the parish and neighborhood. This address, besides paying fitting honor to the memory of Washington, informs the public as to the character of the entertainment that will be given in his honor on the evening of Feb. 21. John F. Finerty will deliver an appropriate address.

BLAINE'S GRADUATING CLASS.

Programme of Exercises of Washington College, Sept. 29, 1847.

[*Inter-Ocean.*]

Mr. T. A. Hagerty, of this city, recalls the fact that his mother was one of the assemblage which attended the annual commencement exercises of Washington College, at Washington, Pa., Sept. 29, 1847. This was the year that James G. Blaine was graduated with a class of thirty-two. Mr. Hagerty has just received from his mother an original programme which was used on that occasion. It reads as follows:

ANNUAL COMMENCEMENT
OF
WASHINGTON COLLEGE.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1847.

—o—

GRADUATING CLASS.

Andrew Barr,	Alexander M. Gow,
George Baird,	James G. Blaine,
G. M. Miller,	John C. Hervey,
J. R. Moore,	John H. Hampton,
William S. Moore,	Josiah C. Cooper,
R. Campbell Holliday,	Robert J. Munce,
George D. Curtis,	John G. Jacob,
M. P. Morrison,	Richard H. Lee,
Edward B. Neely,	Thomas Creighton,
John V. Le Moyne,	R. C. Colmery,
William M. Orr,	Cephas Dodd,
William H. Pusey,	La Fayette Markle,
Samuel Power,	T. Wilson Porter,
Huston Quail,	Robert Robe,
J. A. Rankin,	Alexander Wilson,
James H. Smith,	John H. Storer.

MATRI ALMAE SIMUS HONORI.

ORDER OF EXERCISES.

Music. Prayer. Music.

Latin salutatory.....John C. Hervey, Brooke County, Va. Music.

English salutatory and oration.....James G. Blaine, West Brownsville, Pa. Music.

Greek salutatory.....T. W. Porter, Fayette County, Pa. Music.

Oration, "The Sword and the Plow."....J. G. Jacob, Wellsburg, Va. Music.

Oration, "Byron".....Huston Quail, Union Valley, Pa. Music.

Oration, "The Era of Napoleon".....La Fayette Markle, Mill Grove, Pa. Music.

A poem, "The Collegian".....G. D. Curtis, Grave Creek, Pa. Music.

Moral Warfare.....J. R. Moore, Wellsville, Ohio. Music.

Oration, "Poverty Useful in the Development of Genius,".....R. C. Colmery, Hayesville, Ohio. Music.

Oration, "The American Boy".....E. B. Neely, Washington, D.C. Music.

Conferring of Degrees. Music.

Valedictory.....William M. Orr, Wayne county, Ohio. Music.

Music. Benediction. Music.

SOCIAL EVENTS.

Ladies at the Sheridan.

On Thursday afternoon of last week the Sheridan Club surrendered its handsome quarters, at Michigan avenue and Forty-first street, to the ladies. Progressive euchre, with two prizes, as an object, was one diversion, while music by Dohne was another. The reception committee comprised Mesdames E. A. McArdle, T. Gahan, J. O. Malley, J. E. Baggot. Misses R. O'Brien and Kehoe. Among those present were Mesdames T. J. Shay, J. L. Burke, R. W. Kenney, M. Foster, J. H. Amberg, W. H. Luby, W. A. Fleming, J. F. Nash, P. H. Linneen, J. W. Trainor, P. J. Trainor, P. J. O'Keefe, T. A. Moran, D. F. Burke, J. A. McCormick, J. G. Clinnin, T. J. Sullivan, R. Walsh, John J. Carney, W. Alexander, M. W. Ryan, McGrath, B. Cavanaugh, W. L. Schaub, J. Ferguson, A. S. Gorlen, H. P. Moran, W. A. Hyde, James Mahoney, W. B. Ives, Harry Byrne, P. Nacy, McFaul, D. Thornton. Misses M. J. Hogan, Louise Esprit, Irene Sullivan, Lizzie English, Lizzie Berry, C. Thurston, Lillie Starr, C. English, M. E. Maloney, E. L. Fleming, Julia Hopkins, K. Maher, Nellie G. Walsh, E. English, Nora Wild, M. Weadley, R. O'Brien, Annie Bigley, M. E. Nolan, A. Brennock, Belle Bremner, Julia Hettich, Jessie Borden, Susie I. Coyle, Lizzie Bigley, Tute Bardon, F. Heeney, N. Weadley, S. Fullner.

Laurel Club Dance.

A dancing party was given on Friday evening of last week by the Laurel Club for its members, at the Lessing Clubhouse, No. 447 Taylor street. Frank Hogan and Miss Laura Pyne led the grand march. Among those present were Misses Laura Pyne, Etta Enright, May R. McAdam, Addie Hogan, Stella Hogan, Fanny Downs, Belle Halliday, Lea Templeton, and Kittie Patterson. Messrs. F. Haines, F. Campbell, A. B. Duncan, C. C. Mollan, C. I. Amberg, F. J. Hogan, W. Mason, P. Gallagher, B. Carroll, W. Powell, W. J. Patterson, Robert Holt.

West Side Bachelors.

The fifth reception of the Chicago Bachelor Club was given at VanBuren's Opera House, California avenue and Madison street, Friday evening week. The event was a marked success in the history of the club. The grand march started at 9 o'clock, led by D. J. Dalton and Miss Alice Wild, assisted by Edward Friess and Miss Bertha Bollar. Forrest's orchestra furnished the music for a programme of seventeen numbers. There were 115 couples present, among whom were Misses Bertha Boller, May Johnston, Julia Crimmins, M. Knowles, H. Crimmins, N. Greiner, A. Cushman, May Sheahan, N. O'Callaghian, Nellie Keffe, May McGrath, May Olk, Alice Croak, Nellie Conley, May Heggie, Julia O'Donnell, Annie LeClair, E. Woodman, Mamie Ramster, Hattie Rawson, May Jasker, Mary Odger, Leona Wild, Alice Wild, Agnes Knecht, Emma Katz, Ida Katz, Ione Darley, Annie Bent, Emily Dalmke, Ida Miller, Mamie Hayes, Millie Hayes, P. Landphere, Aggie Sullivan. Mesdames Darley, Knowles, and Hardy. Messrs. August Binder, G. Farley, G. J. Schmelzer, W. N. Fitzpatrick, F. M. Kinnare, J. F. Conley, J. C. Dalmke, L. O. Fitzpatrick, Thomas Gallagher, J. W. Kinnare, D. J. Lamb, J. R. O'Malley, John Rice, James Delaney, D. Fitzgerald, A. W. Heggie, John Johnston, F. W. Murphy, J. J. Smith, John E. White, L. Meyer, J. Furlong, C. A. Boller, J. T. Fitzpatrick, F. Nash, John Collins, E. E. Friess, Theo. Dahmke, Edward Graham, James Kinney, M. Manlon, Robert T. Odger, William Stackley, D. J. Dunn, A. J. Fisher, R. Hoffman, Thomas McClain, J. M. McCarthy, D. P. Doherty, H. Aldrich, J. McLaughlin, P. T. Bradley, J. P. Kenny, G. O'Callaghan, E. S. Cummings, D. J. Dalton, James C. Gavin, Thomas E. Graham, Harry Knowles, B. M. Mitchell, William Odger, Benjamin Short, E. J. Fitzgerald, Bert Hawkins, P. J. Hursen, T. McDermott, John Walsh, J. J. Sullivan. Supper was served at midnight, and the event closed with the breaking of the day.

Mrs. David Sullivan gave a progressive euchre party at her residence, No. 1823 Langley avenue, last Monday afternoon, which was attended, among others, by Mrs. J. S. Sheehan, Mrs. Prindiville, Miss Prindiville, Mrs. Gallagher, Mrs. Fisher, Mrs. Cleary, Mrs. Templeton, Miss Cleary, Mrs. Finerty, Mrs. Guthrie, Mrs. Gahan, Mrs. Traynor, Mrs. Dalrymple, Miss Murphy, Miss Tynan, Mrs. Green.

OBITUARY.

MRS. ROBERT MULCAHEY.

News reached Mrs. John Nugent, of Forty-fifth and Wallace streets, Tuesday morning, of the death of her mother, Mrs. Robert Mulcahey, of Ash Grove county, Limerick, Ireland. The deceased was probably one of the best known and most highly respected women of her native country. She was the soul of honor and her deeds of charity and patriotism were almost proverbial. Her father, Edward Richard Wolfe, held the position of Poor Law Guardian in the Newcastle West Union for forty-six years, and when the ravages of the famine period of 1847-8 were rendering homeless and destitute the poor people of her father's district, she was the foremost of seven daughters to accompany him on his mission of relief and comfort to the distressed and needy. At the time of her death she was entering into her 71st year of age. She leaves behind her two daughters, Mrs. Nugent and Mrs. John Barry, of this city, and three sons in the old country, John, Edward and Timothy. The two former hold the honorary positions of P. L. G. in the western division of County Limerick.

MRS. BRIDGET DORE.

The death of Mrs. Bridget Dore took place at Newcastle West, County Limerick, Ireland, on the 18th ult. Deceased was the wife of Mr. James Dore, a man of high standing in the south of Ireland, and a Nationalist of the advanced and progressive type. She was also a sister of Mrs. John R. Murphy of this city, and leaves a large family. THE CITIZEN tenders to them its sincere sympathy in their sad affliction.

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

Good Farm Land For Sale.

At low prices, near Stuart, in southwestern Iowa. Large Irish Catholic population, and resident priest, Rev. Father Foley. Stuart is forty miles west of Des Moines, on the C., R. I. & P. R. R., and has a population of about 3,000 people. We have also a railroad division station, round-house and machine shops; employing nearly 400 men. Good mechanics can generally find steady employment at fair wages. We would like to have more of our people come here. Improved farms sell at from $20 to $35 per acre. For information call on or address

S. MONAHAN, Stuart, Ia.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

The Great Northwest.

The steady settlement of lands in Montana and Washington, the substantial growth of their cities, and the constant increase of their railway mileage, have rendered these States a center of interest for business men, capitalists and settlers. The best explanation of this growth is found in a study of the capabilities and resources of the States, which are fully set forth in three folders entitled "Golden Montana," "Eastern Washington," and "Western Washington," just issued by the Northern Pacific Railroad. District Passenger Agents of the Northern Pacific Railroad will take pleasure in supplying Montana and Washington folders above referred to; also maps, time cards and any special information desired; or application can be made to CHAS. S. FEE, G. P. & T. A., N. P. R. R., St. Paul, Minn.

WHY NOT HONOR WOLFE TONE?

[*To the Editor.*]

CHICAGO, Jan. 30.—The coming anniversary of Emmet suggests thoughts of Theobald Wolfe Tone, and the cruel oblivion into which his memory seems to have fallen. It is deplorable that now when an installment of Irish rights is about to be granted that but trivial manifestation exists of the reverent recognition due to the genius and virtues of the incomparable Tone. The anniversaries of Emmet, the Manchester martyrs and others are suitably celebrated, but Irish Nationalists do nothing to honor the memory and conserve the fame of him who was Ireland's greatest revolutionist, and whose courage and untiring perseverance enlisted the active aid of France and Hollandon the side of his native land.

Gazing back at the gallant period when Tone substituted the arguments of defiance and force for the thrilling eloquence of Grattan, who will deny that his noble teachings and indefatigable spirit of self-abnegation kindled the fires of national self-reliance, pride of race, and unbending adhesion to the principles of true nationalism that have since burned in the breasts of the Irish race? It was undoubtedly the principles, teachings and heroism of Wolfe Tone that in part inspired Mitchel, the rank and file of the Fenian Brotherhood, and other men of more recent times, who have suffered and died for Ireland. Tone represented no clan, party, sect or faction, and although a Protestant the liberty he worked for was intended for all the Irish people.

Whether we regard him as an able defender of his Catholic fellow-countrymen, a distinguished officer of the French army then winning splendid victories, or as an earnest pleader with the government of France for that well-equipped but ill-fated military aid sent to Ireland, we are compelled to recognize in him the man who raised the cause of Ireland to a most dignified position, and rescued it from the grasp of disunion and sectarianism.

The unconstitutional manner in which Tone was tried and convicted will ever remain an odious stain on English supremacy, while his masterly utterance from the dock will be for ever prized by all who shared his aspirations. Although it is now nearly a century since Wolfe Tone's tragic death, no monument marks the hallowed spot where rest his mortal remains. [Thomas Davis placed a stone over the grave in 1841.—ED.] Half a century ago Davis wrote of him, and it is alas too true today, that—

> "A martyr for Ireland, his grave has no stone,
> His name seldom named, and his virtues unknown."

JAMES W. MOORE.

To grow old gracefully, one must live temperately, calmly, methodically; be interested in all that is going on in the world; be cheerful, happy, and contented, and above all, keep the blood pure and vigorous by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Be sure you get Ayer's.

Hall's Hair Renewer renders the hair lustrous and silken, gives it an even color, and enables women to put it up in a great variety of styles.

JOHN T. O'CONNELL,

88 Washington-st, Chicago.

Real Estate, Loans and Insurance.

BUILDING LOANS A SPECIALTY.

Special Attention Given to the Interests of Non-Residents.

HENRY N. STOLTENBERG,

Attorney-at-Law,

ROOM 809 OPERA HOUSE BUILDING,

112 CLARK STREET

CHICAGO

FORMERLY WITH WINDES & SULLIVAN.

Leddy's Society Halls,

Cor. Wentworth Av. and Thirty first St.

Two Splendid Halls, 60x38 and 45x38, newly built, with all modern improvements.

READY JANUARY 1, 1893.

To Rent for Concerts, Lodge Meetings, Lectures, &c. The Most Central Location on the South Side. Three blocks west from State street cable.

PETER LEDDY,
Cor. Wentworth-av. and 31st st.

AUSTIN J. KILKENNY,

WHOLESALE and RETAIL

HAY, GRAIN, FLOUR AND FEED DEALER,

4937 SOUTH HALSTED ST.

CHICAGO

Prompt Delivery. Car Lots a Specialty.

FURNITURE,

Stoves, Carpets, Parlor Goods.

HENRY STUCKART,

2507 and 2509 Archer av.

CLINE'S DANCING ACADEMY,

Cor. Wells & Huron Sts.

Classes Tuesday and Thursday Evenings, admission 50c; private lessons $1; dancing every Sunday night under the management of PROF. FRANKLIN REICHART. Lodge Halls to Rent.

THE OTHER WORLD.

If it be true that the world we sigh for
Is brighter and better than this world here,
There is indeed then something to die for—
Something to live for beyond the bier.

This isn't bad, though it's not all sunny,
And looks 'neath the roses may weary our feet;
A bright, busy bee gets a whole lot of honey,
And the bitter is lost in the plenty of sweet.
—Cy Warman in New York Sun.

SETTLING A CLAIM.

"Back in the seventies," said a Texas merchant who was "on east" buying goods, "when I was adjuster for a big mercantile house of Galveston, I was sent to investigate a creditor of theirs out in the southwestern part of the state, my instructions being to collect the claim or run an attachment on the concern.

"At the end of a 30 hours' run on the train I found myself in ——, the nearest railroad station to P——, the town of my delinquent customer, which upon inquiry I found to be 17 miles west on the Mexican border.

"In my prowling about ——, whom should I run across but my old friend Bill Scott, captain of the Texas rangers, who asked me what I was doing out there. I frankly stated my business and asked if he knew the man I was going to settle with.

"'Know Gringo Perez?' Scott repeated. 'Well, I reckon I do—that is, 'by reputation.' He's a regular fire eater! Why, man alive, Gringo Perez has fine hairs like you on toast for breakfast. He is a greaser, you know, whom his fellow citizens nicknamed 'Gringo'—their term of contempt for an American—because he gave up sheep shearing and horse stealing, and took to the slower but surer business of merchandise. He's a holy terror—adds a notch to his pistol butt every six months and two during election! Pay? Why, he don't pay for anything, and as for your attachment you'd as well try to serve attachment papers on the devil for back bills on brimstone!'

"'Say, Rice, I think I'd better ride over with you. We are making this headquarters while we make a roundup of this season's crop of horse thieves, road agents and fence cutters in this part of the country, and I can leave word for the boys to join me at P—— when they come in this evening. We might come in handy if you get into any trouble.'

"It is needless to say that I accepted Scott's offer with avidity, though I gave him to understand that I had not undertaken to adjust that claim under the impression that I was going to a Sunday school picnic and would need to wear my biled shirt.

"It was about noon when we set out for P——, I riding one of Scott's 'extras,' a wiry, nimble footed little broncho. I had taken the precautionary measure of getting out my attachment papers before we started—which I still hoped to use only as a last resort in bringing Mr. Fire Eater to terms.

"It was close upon 4 o'clock in the afternoon when we rode into P——, a typical Texo-Mexican border town. Most of the houses were 1-story adobes, straggling along either side of the main street, which was nothing more or less than the continuation of the wagon road from one settlement to another.

"There were bunches of chaparral here and there about the outskirts of the town, and a dense thicket of it lay about a mile away to the west. Five of the nine business houses had 'Saloon' in big letters over the door, and calmly and peacefully confronting me when we got off our horses was the sign, 'G. Perez, dealer in dry goods, clothing, hats, caps, millinery, boots, shoes, notions, groceries, hides, wool, agricultural implements, etc.,' which covered the entire gable end of the unpainted, weather boarded store.

"Tied to the racks on either side of the public well were 8 or 10 ponies, their flanks weighted down by the big Mexican saddles, which varied their monotonous durance by biting and kicking at each other while their indifferent riders loafed on the steps and stoops of the stores, telling yarns, smoking cigarettes, playing poker and reading the county papers, which were handed out regardless of address by the obliging postmaster.

"We found Perez in. He scooped out, weighed and tied up $1 worth of sugar for a slab sided girl, while I introduced myself and stated my business. This professional duty finished and the lid put back carefully on the sugar barrel, he casually informed me that my house might go to h—ll, and that he'd pay when he got ready and not before.

"Naturally this reception did not tend to increase my amiability, and I promptly turned on my heel and went out, intending to put my attachment papers in the hands of the deputy sheriff and instruct him to serve them at once.

"But the deputy turned pale at the mention of serving papers on Gringo Perez, kindly explaining to me that his present incumbency of office was the result of his 'never, under any suckumstances, meddlin with other folkses' businesses.'

"Of course I did not attempt to gainsay so obvious a statement and was just taking a mental inventory of my ammunition preliminary to a man to man settlement with Mr. Gringo, when Scott overtook me at the door of the deputy's office, and hearing the new turn given to my situation said:

"'That's all right. I'll serve your paper. The captain of the Rangers is virtually a sheriff anywhere in the state—at his own discretion, you know!' laughing and giving me the wink.

"'By George, old man!' I exclaimed, grasping his hand, 'I am beginning to look upon you as a "providential intervention" in my favor on this trip!' and we walked on together over to Gringo's store.

"It was getting on toward dusk, and Gringo was in the back part of the room looking over his books. Scott and I both saw that we had him at his disadvantage, and before he knew what had happened Scott was reading off the paper at the rate of 60 miles an hour. The man seemed stunned for a minute, then suddenly collecting himself he whirled round, ran his hand in a drawer and whipped out a revolver, but before he got a good grip on it I knocked it out of his hand, straddled it on the floor, and covering him with my own said: 'Come, come, Mr. Fire Eater, none of that! That isn't what we want you to get out of that drawer. A little cash would make it easier for both of us.'

"Like all bullies, the fellow was a bluff and coward. He saw we had him and he cooled down, standing sullenly by while Scott finished the paper and then ransacked the miscellaneous stock on the counters and found some tacks and a hammer, with which he fastened the notice on the outside of the door. Then, rejoining me, Scott kicked the fallen pistol under one of the counters, and getting behind Gringo requested him to precede us out of the store. This done, he locked the door, put the key in his pocket, and we then bade our host a pleasant good evening and walked over to the racks to get our horses.

"'I don't think it would be a bad thing for our health to get out of here as soon as we can,' Scott said. 'The boys are mighty late getting in. They may be in a skirmish somewhere.'

"We watered our horses, mounted and rode down the main street. As we passed a little shanty close to the road, Scott sniffed and said: 'That smelts like fried ham and eggs, don't it? Let's stop and have a snack.'

"We alighted, hitched our horses behind the house in an angle made by a shedroom which served as the kitchen, and going inside seated ourselves at one of the two oilcloth covered tables and gave our order to an old man, who filled the joint and respective positions of proprietor, cook and waiter.

"While we were eating we were interrupted by the entrance of a girl, whom I recognized as the customer at Gringo's when we first called on him. She had an old shawl over her head, between the close held edges of which her small, intelligent, frightened face peered out strikingly. She could not have been more than 14 years old, yet her face had all the shrewdness and strength of a woman's. Darting past us, she made a hasty survey of the kitchen, and turning asked 'Whar's Tobe?'

"'Gone to the well,' I said, thinking she meant our host, and, half rising and smiling in spite of myself, I added after the manner of the country storekeeper, 'Can I do anything for you, miss?'

"She came close to the table, and leaning on the back of Scott's chair she said nervously:

"'You'ns better cl'ar out, quick! Dad an the boys is on yer trail. He come home to supper and raised Cain. Me an maw's hide'll git it fur you'ns' doin's.'

"We understood in a flash that she was warning us against Gringo.

"'Who are you, child?' Scott asked, turning and taking her hand. 'Why do you come to save us?'

"'I ain't-kearin so much about savin you'ns as gittin him tuk up,' she answered seriously. 'Still, I didn't want him to git the drap on yer—that ain't fair.'

"She watched the door furtively, and gathered up the ends of the shawl as though for flight as she went on: 'He's my steppaw, an a meaner cuss never lived. Me an maw'd 'a' lef' him long ago, but he would kill us ef he ever kotched up with us. The only way to do is to git him tuk up fur some uv his deviltry and put in the penytenshury, whar he can't git at us. But, honest, you fellers better vamoose. You ain't got no time to fool. He's gone arter the Cowles boys, an I heard him tell Dick Sims an them to jine 'em back thar back er the callyboose.' She pointed to the rear of the house. Some uv 'em is goin to lay fur yer in front, and some uv 'em is goin to lay fur yer behin, an yer can't git outen town no ways. You better git a move on yer, honest!'

"She started to the door, then shrank back. 'Thar's the Cowles boys now!' she exclaimed. 'Dad ain't fur off. Ef he sees me, I'm a goner.'

"By this time Scott and I were on our feet, and the proprietor came in with his bucket of water. His manner led us to suppose—and hope—that there was nothing unusual going on in the street. Setting the bucket on the shelf he wiped his hands on the tail of his coat, and taking a plug of tobacco out of his pants pocket bit off a chew as he remarked casually: 'I reckon you fellers is been doin somethin, an thar is goin to be some fighten. I seen Gringo Perez, an the Cowles boys an Dick Sims an er lot uv 'em, an they seemed to be surroundin the house. Fur as I kin see, you'ns ain't got no show. You mought jes' as well thro' up yer han's an s'render.'

"Well, 'as fur as I could see,' this was the statement of an unflattering fact. 'Don't bolt, Rice," Scott said quietly, his words accompanied by the rapidly revolving six clicks of his pistol, 'the boys will be in any minute—we're all right!'

"'Let's get to our horses,' I said, 'and make a dash for the thicket.'

"'Stay where you are!' he answered, and his voice had the ring of the born commander.

"'What are you going to do?' I asked, nettled.

"'Whip hell out of the whole town!' he replied, beginning to barricade the back door with barrels of sugar and flour.

"Meanwhile the child stood there, the shawl dropped back from her head and shoulders, her little white face a study of disinterested curiosity and approbation. Her heavy lidded black eyes glowed with excitement, and her thin arched nostrils contracted and distended like a restive pony's.

"'I reckon you uns is gwine to ketch him,' she said complacently. Just here my attention was diverted to Tobe, whose surname of Hartsfield we had not yet learned. Going to a rack over the door between the two rooms, he took down an old army musket and a rawhide belt containing powder and shothorns.

"Whipping out the ramrod he swiped it twice up and down the barrel, blowing down it afterward. Then whirling around facing us, he slammed the gun down on the table and said: 'Gentlemen, thar's my weapons, and here's me at yer sarvice. I don't know what devilment yer been up to, but I'm with yer! I'm durned glad uv a excuse to shake this settlement, enyhow. Thar ain't enough excitement gwine on here fur me. I want to move furder west whar folks is got some spunk, and I'd jes as lief declar' my principles on you'nsez side as enybody else's!'

"Our formal acceptance of the arms of our unexpected ally was prevented by the whiz of a ball past the window and Scott's springing to the door and calling out:

"'Throw down your arms and surrender in the name of the law!'

"'Han us over that damned fine hair an we will,' came Gringo's voice.

"'What have you against him?' asked Scott.

"'He's too blamed smart an wears a stake an ridered shirt!' answered a voice from the rear of the mob, followed by a roar of laughter, which was suddenly changed to one of fury when it was discovered who Scott was.

"'That's Bill Scott, the bellwether uv the rangers!" howled one, 'le's capture him!'

"'Yes, he's strayed off too fur from the fold this time!' yelled another; 'le's shear him!'

"'Him an the fine hair'll look purty riden uv the same rail, won't they?' joked another, and so the fun might have gone on until they forgot their blood thirst, had not Gringo himself pushed to the front swinging his pistol around his head and yelling, 'To h—ll with yer foolin, boys! I'm here fur business. I've been insulted an my rights as er citizen av this state an county interfered with. All that is in favor uv pussonal rights, an hones' deals come on an help me whoop the stuffin out'n these smart ellecks!'

"His harangue was welcomed by a murderous yell and the click of what sounded like a hundred pistols and Winchesters.

"'Stand your ground!' said Scott to me and Tobe.

"'All right, cap!' answered Tobe as he rammed a cud of tobacco into his mouth and hitched his powder and shothorns around handy. The old man fairly danced from side to side of the half open door, as eager as a boy who has lighted the fuse of his first Fourth of July rocket.

"'Gimme lief, cap; gimme lief!' he chuckled, bracing his shoulder against the gun.

"'Wait a minute; wait a minute!' Scott said, putting one hand on the old man's shoulder and cooping the other around his ear, leaning toward the north and listening intently.

"'That's the boys!' he said. 'I hear their horses' feet.' Then flinging the door wide open he called out once more 'Throw down your arms! I command you in the name of the state of Texas!'

"Their answer was a volley of bullets which Scott returned by thrusting out his pistol arm and emptying the six chambers into their faces. This gave the signal to me and the old man, who kept the stream hot from the other side for the next eight minutes, till the rangers came. But I tell you they were the longest eight minutes I ever counted. The old man was in his glory. The way he poured powder, wads, bullets and caps into Miss Betsy and fired them out was equaled only by the way he ejected one quid of tobacco and bit off another, without interrupting the stream of tobacco juice he spurted on the floor to the right of wherever he stood. He took it as a matter of official interference that the rangers should come up and take the fight out of our hands.

"'Durn 'em!' he growled, when we saw the mob turning to meet the attack of the men from the rear. He sent his last load at random through the air, and, going to the bucket, stood leaning on Miss Betsy while he gulped down two successive dippers of water.

"'Some fools is allers meddlin,' he went on. 'Them rangers better be tendin to their business an let us ten to ourn! It ud 'a' been the makin uv P—— to hev Gringo Perez an his gang laid out by three men an a gal!'

"This called our attention to the child whom we had utterly forgotten. Looking around I found her sitting on one of the barrels against the back door, swinging her feet and calmly awaiting results.

"'Do you want to go home, sissy?' I asked, standing beside her perch. She set her little teeth and shook her head.

"'No; I dasn't! Dad ud kill me for shore! He sees me in here, an knows I giv him erway!'

"'That's all right, Chec!' the old man said. 'You kin come an go out west with me an be my gal!'

"'No, I can't!' answered she. 'Thar ain't no schools out thar, an I ought ter be edicated!'

"Our further family discussion was interrupted by the return of Scott, who informed us that Gringo and his ringleaders were lodged in the calaboose, and the ragtag and bobtail of the gang had taken to brush.

"Scott and the group of citizens who accompanied him concurred in support of Chec's proposition that she ought to be 'edicated,' and a purse was made up then and there providing for the child and her mother out of reach of Gringo when he should again be at large."

"Come, Rice," said one of his listeners, "acknowledge that you married the beautiful Spanish maiden and lived happily ever after, as the love stories go."

Rice laughed. "Gentlemen," he said, "at the risk of spoiling a first class romance I am bound to confess that Chec and her 'maw' went back to Gringo when he got out of jail, and that Chec's six months' 'edication' only served to make her a better and more obedient wife to—one of the Cowles boys."—Belle Hunt in New York Recorder.

About Oliver Cromwell.

According to one English pupil, Oliver Cromwell was a man who was put into prison for his interference in Ireland. When he was in prison he wrote "The Pilgrim's Progress" and married a lady called Mrs. O'Shea.—Miss A. C. Graham in University Correspondent.

ACROSS THE PLAINS.

RIDING THROUGH THE GREAT GRANARY OF THE WORLD.

Pike's Peak at Sunrise and a Full Moon. How and When and Where One Begins to Get a Realizing Sense of the Vastness of the Great Plains.

It is easy enough to take an atlas and figure out that the distance from Chicago or St. Louis to Pike's peak is greater than the distance from New York to Chicago or St. Louis. It is not so easy actually to realize and understand the tremendous nature of that fact.

We are all accustomed to say with, the glibness that comes from repeated iteration, that this is a great country, but a man who sits still and reads about its greatness, even though his imagination may be unusually lively and fertile, cannot obtain such a realizing sense of the area and resources and boundless possibilities of our national domain as one who actually traverses it.

Another thing that everybody knows in a sort of way is that the great west is the granary of the world, but you cannot begin to understand what that means until you have traveled a whole day on a fast train through miles upon miles of apparently limitless cornfields that stretch west from Chicago to the Mississippi—west 400 miles across the great state of Iowa to the Missouri and 400 miles more through the equally great states of Nebraska and Kansas.

After a whole day of cornfields, diversified every two or three hours with a well built, thoroughly equipped, hustling western city, and knowing, too, that this great grainfield reaches north and south 1,000 miles, one begins to get an idea of what it means to say that this is the world's granary.

Indiana and Illinois, especially the former, are rather flat, but Iowa has very good sized hills throughout the state from east to west; hills from 100 to 200 feet perhaps above the level of the surrounding plains and the valleys that divide them. After you ascend the bluff west of the Missouri river at Omaha there begins the real prairie, which is not a flat country nor yet a hilly, but a vast billowy expanse that looks more like the ocean than any other land I ever saw.

All the way from Chicago to western Nebraska and Kansas the surface soil is black loam, which, when freshly turned up by the plow conveys the almost irresistible impression of having just been burned over, it is so black. No wonder corn grows anywhere from 5 to 10 yards high in such a soil! No wonder that crop after crop can be raised upon it without seeming to drain its marvelous fertility!

The feeling that comes over one on the prairies, out of sight of anything except the vast expanse of cornfields, is comparable with nothing else than the feeling one has who is at sea, out of sight of land. Yet it is different from that. Perhaps it is not quite such a lonely feeling, for the corn itself, and the barbed wire fences, and the occasional little farmhouse in the distance are a constant reminder that one is still really surrounded by evidences of civilization.

But the boundless vision, the absence of any horizon—or what seems its absence to one accustomed to having his horizon bounded by hills or mountains only a short distance away—bears in upon the mind an impression of the immensity of space and the infinitesimal smallness of man that if yielded to is at first really appalling. After awhile one gets used to it, and the feeling of oppression wears off, and instead there comes feeling of freedom, of having plenty of room, that is exhilarating, but at first one feels entirely overcome.

We were fortunate enough to get our first sight of Pike's peak at sunrise, and a wonderful and never to be forgotten sight it was. It was about half past 6 in the morning, and just at that point we were running southward. On the left hand side of the train the sky was aflame with vivid pink. On the right, the full moon, still bright, was low down near the horizon. On a sudden some one cried, "Oh, there it is!" No need to ask what. Every one knew what "it" must be.

Yes, there was a snowclad mountain, almost under the full moon, its ridges reflecting back a nascent pink from the glow in the east, while still shining cold and white in the flood of moonshine. It did not seem far away—not any farther, really, at first glance, than it seems from here as I look up at it from my west window. Yet it was 35 miles from us.

We have all read of the wonderfully clear air of the Rocky mountain region and the deceptiveness of distances here, but even knowing that I found it simply impossible to reconcile the alleged distance of the peak with what I could see with my own eyes. There positively was not room for 15, not to say 30, miles of ground, however flat, to exist between us and that mountain! Still we come on and on, and the peak seemed not a whit nearer, although it began to grow higher. There seemed to be no perspective about it. It just kept climbing up and up, but never approached us at all.

Now that we are here, only a dozen miles from the top of the peak, it still looks, as it did an hour's ride to the east, about a mile and a half away.—Colorado Springs Cor. New York Mail and Express.

A Railroad Rusting.

One of the most prominent railroad men in Canada says that the railroad that started for Hudson bay a number of years ago and got about 100 miles into an unsettled wilderness will never be built. The idea of running such a road in connection with a line of steamers to start from Fort York or thereabout, go through Hudson strait to sea and thence to Liverpool he declares to be chimerical. The bay is open but a few months in a year; there are many shoals; there is always drifting ice about the straits, and the journey is roundabout; so this railroad to nowhere is rusting.—New York Sun.

A Little Previous.

"A man can occasionally be just a little forehanded when he ought not to be," was Myron Mylice's comment on the frailty of human nature to friends at the Lindell. "A few months ago a man, my neighbor in San Lucas county, Cal., found that his father was very ill and called in a physician, who pronounced the case a hopeless one and intimated that the parent had but a few days to live. This grieved the son very much, but of course it was a tribulation that had to be borne. The next day the son started for the neighboring county seat, some 18 miles, to buy farm necessities. While there he speculated upon many things, and among others upon the approaching death of his father. Then he argued with himself that, since his father must die anyhow, and seeing that the journey from his home to the town was a long and hard one, he thought it would not be much harm to buy his father's coffin and take it along.

"After numerous qualms of conscience on that score he finally conquered his feelings and secured the coffin. Then came the journey home, and John stored the coffin in the garret and resignedly awaited the father's death. That much expected event did not come to pass, however, and my friend was left with the coffin on his hands. Being very close in the matter of money and not wishing to lose on the coffin, the residents of Punta Argos, the county seat, were treated to the novel sight of a farmer peddling a coffin about to various citizens, to one of whom, an undertaker, he finally sold it at an extremely reduced rate."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Balky Razors.

Anthony Chryst, a delegate to the international barbers' convention from St. Paul, in speaking of the tonsorial trade, said: "I know there are quite a number of persons who do not believe that a razor gets just as tired as a barber, but it is a fact just the same, and I speak from personal experience. I have been busily engaged removing the beard from a man's face when all at once my razor would refuse to work—it would actually not cut a hair. I would strop it, but all to no purpose, for it would not do service. I had one of these razors on hand about a year ago when a most decrepit individual entered my shop.

"My chair was vacant, and it fell my lot to remove his hirsute appendage. I had it in for him on the start, and in order to get my revenge I hauled out my tired razor, expecting for my customer to endure ten thousand agonies during the operation, but I was most beautifully fooled, for that old razor went through his old crusty beard just the same as silk thread, and as a consequence I have had him on my hands ever since. I don't know how to account for it, nor do the numerous scientists I have consulted, but it is a well known fact that a razor gets tired and will refuse to work just the same as a balky mule."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Hat Legislation In Olden Times.

Hats were subjected to a good deal of arbitrary legislation in England. Henry VII had an act passed which fixed "the maximum price of a hat at 20 pence and a cap at five times that sum." During the reign of Elizabeth capmaking was "protected" by a statute in which it was provided that "on Sundays and holidays all the males were to wear on their heads caps of wool, knit, thicked and dressed in England, made only by capmakers residing within the realm." The clergy were disposed to follow the fashions of the day, but in the middle ages they were ordered not to wear any hat but the cornet—the square cap of the doctors of divinity.

A similar 4-cornered hat is worn by the university men in England, and when there is a gold tassel on the center it indicates that the wearer belongs to the nobility. The bishop of Dol, in the twelfth century, permitted only the canons to wear square hats, and enjoined that when any other persons wearing them entered the churches divine services should immediately cease.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Curiosities About Dentistry.

Those who imagine that the care of the teeth and the replacement of the natural grinders with false ones is "something new under the sun" may be surprised to learn that artificial teeth were made of ivory, placed on plates of the same material and held together and in place by gold wires and rivets 500 to 1,000 years before Christ. Herodotus, "the father of history," tells us that the Egyptians of the fifth dynasty understood the diseases of the teeth and their treatment. There are several passages in history to lead one to the belief that both Cæsar and Antony wore artificial teeth.

The date of the introduction of false teeth into Europe is uncertain. They were known in England as early at least as the time of the discovery of America. "The Mathematical Jewel," published in 1585, contains an account of Sir John Balgrave, "who caused all of hys teethe to be drawne out, and after had a sett of ivory teethe in agayne."

The visitor at the Centennial of 1876 was given a chance to view the false ivory masticators which once served the immortal Washington.—St. Louis Republic.

The Needle In Folklore.

Proverbs also and folklore locate the needle in strange places. Was the swain popping the question when the haystack was made the symbol of useless search? Is there not more of paganism than of Christianity in the name "devil's needle" given to the dragon fly? Are not our first parents and their limitations pictured in the term bestowed upon the thorns and fibers of the yucca plant of "Adam's needle and thread," while another velvety leaf is named "Adam's flannel?"—Harper's Bazar.

A Good Record for a Lamp.

The platinum wire in an incandescent globe is not expected to burn much longer than 600 hours, but L. B. Wilder, a Machias jeweler, has one that did service for him to the tune of 3,900 hours.—Bangor Commercial.

FINNY'S TOBOGGAN SLIDE.

When Snow Failed He Stole a Tub of Butter to Make the Going Good.

There is a low, sloping roof near where 9-year-old Jimmy Walsh lives at 515 Washington street. When the snow fell on the roof Jimmy invited his friend Alphonse Costello, who is two years older than he, to come over and slide. They slid—on barrel staves—and said it was "out of sight." Young Costello, who is known to the other members of the Happy Home gang of Washington street as "Finny," is of a reflective turn of mind.

"Jimmy," said he, "this snow's goin ter melt. I never seen snow yet wot didn't melt just when yer didn't wanter have it. What good'll our slide be then?"

Jimmy didn't know.

"Well, I'll tell yer then," pursued Finny. "Wot's the matter wid butter fer a slide? Grease up yer roof an yer pants, and there yer is."

The ideas of the Happy Homes regarding the ownership and acquirement of property are vague. On the day following that on which Finny's brilliant idea struck him a tub of butter was stolen from a delivery wagon standing on Washington street. The man in charge of the wagon informed the police that just before the butter was stolen he had seen "a shmall bandy legged Eyetalian an a ridheaded divil about a half size bigger foolin around the place." Jimmy and Finny were arrested. They denied the robbery; but, alas, their trousers were buttered. Moreover, they were buttered in the place where it would do the most good in reducing friction to a minimum when sliding. The boys were taken to Jefferson Market court, where Judge Ryan was on the bench. When they saw him the boys' knees shook.

"Hully sufferin, smokin gee!" stuttered Jimmy. "It's his whiskerenes."

Justice Ryan looded at the two boys. "You boy with the black eye, have you ever been arrested before?" said he.

"On'y oncet, yer honor," replied Finny meekly. "I was up before yer honor. It was when Jim Shea's oyster scow was broke into las' summer, yer honor. I happened to be in swimmin there, an the cop nabbed me. I was honorably discharged by yer honor."

Agent Denbert of the Gerry society interposed to remark that the oyster scow in question was robbed at midnight, when Costello or any other boy was not likely to be in swimming, and, moreover, that Costello was arrested on the scow and was let off merely on account of his youth. Justice Ryan then expressed a desire to know where and under what circumstances he had experienced the pleasure of Jimmy Walsh's acquaintance.

"'Twasn't my fault, yer honor," whimpered Jimmy. "How'd I know th' priest was comin along just then? Wot did dey leave th' blooming tin wash boiler in th' winder fer? How c'd I tell th' bleedin boiler was goin t' smash his jaw w'en it fell out? Did I know I was goin ter trip up an fall again it? Judge, crisscross m' heart, s' help me I never touched th' boiler anyway."

"This is the boy," explained Agent Denbert, "who threw a wash boiler out of a window in Washington street at a priest who was passing by and hit him on the head. That was about two months ago. He was discharged because he said it was an accident."

"Did you steal this butter?" asked Justice Ryan.

"No, sir," said both boys at once. "Some bigger fellers swiped it. Then they done us dirt by puttin it on our pantses."

"Well, you're hard characters, anyway," said the justice. "I'll commit you both to the Catholic protectory."—New York Sun.

An Interesting Experiment.

The eyesight can often be aided materially without the use of glasses. Many people who decline to admit that age is creeping upon them and that they need some aid to their sight use little devices to enable them to decipher small print or something that is not quite distinct. The commonest of these is a small piece of card or stiff paper with a small hole pierced through it. The hole is little larger than that made by a pin, but when held close to the eye it really acts like a magnifying glass. To the optician the effect and the causes which lead up to it have quite a scientific interest, but speaking generally the card with its tiny hole acts as a concentrator of the light and increases the angle of vision to a remarkable extent. The strain on the eye is severe, and the device is not likely to interfere with the sale of spectacles or glasses of any kind. Yet on an emergency a card perforated as described may become very convenient and help a man out. As an interesting experiment it is also worth a trial.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Baron Howth's Rat.

The story of the luck of the Howths is well known, and down to very recent times no member of that family would permit a rat to be put to death. It was said that about the year 1750 the 26th Baron Howth was giving a banquet to his friends when a rat rushed into the hall followed by several dogs, and jumping on the table sat up before Lord Howth as if appealing for protection. He saved its life, and from that moment it never quitted him. At last he set out on a foreign tour accompanied by his brother, who persuaded him to leave the rat behind.

Sitting in a hotel at Marseilles, the door suddenly flew open, and the rat, dripping wet, came crawling in and went straight to the fire to dry itself. Lord Howth's brother, enraged at the intrusion, seized the poker and dashed out the rat's brains. "You have murdered me!" exclaimed Lord Howth, and instantly fell down and expired.—London Tit-Bits.

Has Some Effect.

Traveler—Do you think the lynch law you have here decreases the number of murders?

Native—Waal, I dunno, but it decreases the number of murderers.—New York Weekly.

TODAY.

My soul upon my lips hath set a seal,
And, though I needs must greet thee day by day,
What lies between us I must not reveal—
My life is spent in learning to obey.

But, oh! dear one, when thou and I shall meet
In that fair world that knows not garish fear,
Unfettered, shall these longing lips repeat
For evermore, "I loved thee always here."
—M. L. Smith in Harper's Weekly.

PRISCILLA'S ERROR.

It was first day afternoon, and Friend Priscilla Gibbons sat in the rocker in her cozy front room. The fire in the grate was of the brightest and cheeriest; the cat on the fur rug in front of the chimneypiece purred in solemn and self satisfied content; there were growing plants and vines in the broad window, and the sunshine filtered in through their fresh leaves, making flecks of light and shade on the gray carpet. It was cold out of doors, but from that room winter was shut out. It looked like a Quaker room. Everything shaded to gray and white. Friend Priscilla's yearly meeting bonnet was not more distinctly Friendly than was the pretty room where she came with her knitting or with her book in all her spare moments, and where, on first day evenings, she had her tea in honor of the special character of the day.

But no thought of tea was entertained in Friend Priscilla's brain just then, as she swung back and forth in her wicker rocker. The restful peace with which the day began had been scattered to the four winds of heaven, and it was with a soul entirely out of harmony with the serenity of her surroundings that the little lady sat there that afternoon.

"However could it have happened!" she moaned to herself over and over again. "Jane is so careful and I always look over the things and put them away myself." Like the Widow Green, "she searched the Scriptures to find a text that would somewhat ease her mind perplexed," but nothing seemed to exactly fit her case as she sighed to herself, "They dressed so differently in those days."

Friend Priscilla was the dearest old Quaker lady who ever attended meeting and sat in the "gallery." She had sat "facing the meeting" for more years than most of those in attendance at that particular place of worship cared to count up. Time had touched her lightly, and, although her hair was a little nearer white and her small hands a trifle more withered, her eyes were as bright and her cheeks as soft and peachy as they had been thirty years before. Friend Priscilla was distinctly a pretty old lady. One of the younger and more irreverent members of the meeting had greatly scandalized the older Friends by heedlessly remarking, "We younger ones have no chance in the matter of good looks: Priscilla Gibbons is the belle of every yearly meeting."

It might be shrewdly suspected, too, that Friend Priscilla was privately aware of her claims to consideration in the line of appearance. Never was fashionable dame more particular about her most ceremonious toilet than was this little Quakeress about her everyday apparel. Gay it could not be, out of regard for both her conscience and her taste, but exquisitely fine and soft and even in coloring it always was. As she sat facing the meetings on first day mornings, and as she talked with her class in the afternoon first day school, she was as fair and dainty to look upon as a piece of Dresden china.

And Friend Priscilla seldom knew a care. To all appearances her life flowed on in unruffled serenity. So it was a matter for some surprise to the other members of the meeting that the little lady had taken to preaching of late. The first day morning when she calmly untied her bonnet strings, laid the bit of plain millinery on the cushion beside her, arose and stood with her gray gloved hands serenely clasped on the railing in front of her while she preached clearly and earnestly on the desirability of preserving the Quaker traditions and customs, was a memorable one in the community.

The burden of her little sermons was always the preservation of the sacred character of the meetings, and her homilies carried more weight with the younger generation, and especially with the children, than did those of all the other speakers put together. It was chiefly through her influence that it grew customary for the first day school to attend the morning meeting in a body, and any tendency to restlessness or levity on the part of the youngsters was afterward impressed upon them by Friend Priscilla as a matter for deep and lasting sorrow. The boy who on one occasion made a rabbit with his handkerchief will remember to his dying day the look of grieved surprise which shone upon him from Friend Priscilla's face.

"And to think," grieved the old lady, "that now I am myself responsible for their levity. How can I ever go into the meeting house again? And I'm sure I can never preach after this!"

That same morning a "concern" of the biggest kind had been laid upon Miss Priscilla's gentle and reverent spirit. In the midweek meeting, at which the members of the day school, carried on as an adjunct of the Friends' organization, were present, she had seen unseemly smiles exchanged between some of the children. The longer she thought about it the more the circumstance weighed upon her, and on first day morning Friend Priscilla rose to deliver the message that had come to her.

Strange to say, she was slightly nervous for the first time in her preaching experience. She surreptitiously felt in her pocket for the customary handkerchief, and finding it in its place against a time of need went on with her sermon. Fate was against her. Just as she was fairly under way there were hasty steps on the pavement outside, the door opened with a crash, and squeak, squeak, squeak, came a strange man up the aisle to a front seat almost under the speaker's nose. Such an entry would have made a sensation in any Quaker meeting, but imagine the feelings of the assembled Friends at finding that the bold invader had settled himself comfortably on the women's side of the house!

The sermon was forgotten; every woman on one side, and every man on the other, and every youngster in every part of the house craned his or her individual neck to get a good view of the newcomer, who so rashly defied traditions. Friend Priscilla herself lost the thread of her discourse and stood there helpless in the general amazement. The stranger, startled by the silence and by the fixedness of the numerous gazes fastened upon him, roused himself to the situation, surveyed the two divisions of the house and proceeded to act. Squeak, squeak, down the aisle he went again; squeak, squeak, along the stones outside; and squeak, squeak, up the other aisle to a front seat in the Quaker synagogue.

The elders breathed again; the children tittered, and Friend Priscilla endeavored to gather up the broken threads of her interrupted discourse. But the inspiration had fled. After one or two ineffectual struggles to enunciate a proper sentence, the little lady sank into her seat, placed her gray bonnet precipitately on her head regardless of the white face ruffle, pulled her carefully ironed and folded handkerchief from her pocket, held it before her face and gave herself up to agitation.

Friend Priscilla's pocket handkerchiefs, like the rest of her belongings, were fine and beautifully kept, and the ones devoted to use for state occasions were religiously laid away in a box by themselves. As she sat there reflecting on the untowardness of the immediate occurrences Friend Priscilla's one consolation was the recollection that the handkerchief now decorously drooping before her face in a long, half fold had been taken that morning from the sacred box in which her best were preserved.

Rudely breaking in upon her meditations came an audible snicker from one corner of the room, followed by a giggle from another quarter. She was astonished to find the meeting breaking up and a friend at her elbow saying demurely, though with a laugh in her eyes: "Priscilla, hasn't thee made a mistake in thy kerchief? That hardly looks like the ones thee usually carries." One hasty glance at the article mentioned, another at the smiling looks directed toward her by the entire audience, an awakening to the conviction that it had been necessary to close the meeting on account of the incongruity of her attire, and Friend Priscilla hurried out and home by the back way.

First day school had no charms for her that day. Her dinner was a weariness to the flesh. The cat concluded a blizzard had swept the heart of his mistress, and retired to seek consolation in the light of the fire and the warmth of the rug. Afternoon ran on toward twilight, and twilight deepened into evening, and still Friend Priscilla Gibbons sat there gloomily, wondering how it had ever happened, and bemoaning that she of all people should have brought discredit upon the sacredness of a Friends' meeting, for it had taken no second glance to show that what she had supposed to be a neatly ironed, fine white handkerchief shading her agitated little face had been in reality a long white stocking, dangling its toe and heel audaciously toward the audience.—Philadelphia Times.

A Bright Christmas.

Christmas! What a flood of memories the word revives! To tell of the happiest Christmas I ever experienced is almost an impossibility—there were so many happy ones when my father was alive to teach me how to enjoy them. The first Christmas that I remember seems now like a scene from a long forgotten comedy. I was a very little boy then, but the day is impressed upon my memory by a mishap never to be forgotten. Who has not some time been given a drum by his dearest friend and closest confidant—his father? The drum that I received then was almost as large as I, and the very first use to which I put it was that of a stepladder.

My ambition at that moment was to reach the lofty altitude of an armchair. The drumhead, however, refused to sustain me and I fell through with a bang. How long I might have remained there it is impossible to say, for I never could have extricated myself alone. The hearty laugh in which my father indulged when he rescued me from my predicament is still a bright spot in my recollection.—George B. McClellan in New York Herald.

Sons of Burns' Phrases.

Here are a few specimens of Burns' happy phrases: "The best laid schemes of mice and men gang aft agley;" "The fear o' hell's the hangman's whip, to hand the wretch in order;" "But pleasures are like poppies spread; you seize the flower, its bloom is shed;" "Oh, wad some power the giftie gie us to see ourselves as ithers see us;" "Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn;" "Nursing her wrath to keep it warm;" "The mirth and fun grew fast and furious;" "What's done we partly may compute, but know not what's resisted;" "Princes and lords are but the breath of kings;" "The rank is but the guinea stamp, a man's a man for a' that."—London Tit-Bits.

Finds at Sea.

In respect to derelict or abandoned property at sea the ancient rule gave one-half to the salvor, but now the usual course is to allow the award to be governed by the same principles as in other salvage cases, taking into consideration the risk and labor employed in the service. Often a ship fortunate enough to save an imperiled or helpless vessel will make more money for her owners than she would on two or three voyages.—New York Evening Sun.

How the Number Nine Affects Love.

The first unmarried man passing beneath the lintel post of a door over which has been hung a pod containing nine peas will marry the maid who placed it there, and a piece of worsted with nine knots tied in it is considered a lucky charm for a sprained ankle.—New York News.

CROWS TO THE RESCUE.

A Midair Fight, in Which They Tackle a Hungry Hawk.

A white feathered chicken in search of worms strayed from the yard of a Feeding Hills farmer early Sunday afternoon and was soon scratching merrily in the black loam of a swamp near by. A big hen hawk that was sailing lazily along far up in the sky tipped an eye downward and saw the little white chick. The hawk had had no dinner and was very hungry. The big, hungry hawk suddenly shot down like a stone, and before the chick could run or cluck, or even flap her funny little wings, she was in the hawk's cruel claws.

The farmer was in a wagon near the barn and did not see the hawk with flapping wings rise into the air clutching tight the little white chick, frightened and still. But perched upon some trees the other side of the swamp were eight black crows. They had seen it all. Putting their eight heads together these crows consulted hurriedly, and then, with a loud, defiant chorus of "caw, caw, caw," they took wing. The bird of prey had not risen fifty feet into the air before the crows had completely surrounded him.

They pecked at him above, below, in front and behind. They would rise many feet above and shoot downward one after the other at the hawk with the swiftness and celerity of swallows. The hawk, burdened with the breathless chick, could not endure the savage onset and soon sank among the trees. But the crows, crying "caw, caw" more defiantly than before, beat upon him still, and at last the hawk dropped the chick and angrily dashed upward again.

For minutes the battle raged over the tree tops. The hawk was fierce in his defense, but the crows, using the same tactics as before, gradually drove him higher and higher still, until finally, discomfited and thoroughly beaten, the bird of prey sailed off to the south, whither he was followed miles and miles by two of the more pugnacious crows. The others now flew in the opposite direction and disappeared.

Meanwhile, what had become of the little white chick to whose rescue these eight crows had so chivalrously gone! With feathers sadly ruffled and her breast black with the slime of the bog into which she had dropped from the claws of the hawk, the dazed chick was slowly and painfully hopping back through the swamp to the maternal roost. And all this time, like the peasant who, as Zola tells us, serenely tilled his little patch of earth with the battle of Sedan raging in his ears, this farmer of Feeding Hills was cutting cornstalks unconscious of the exciting drama of the hawk and the chick and the eight black crows.—Springfield Republican.

Hard to Strike the Line.

Uncle Jimmie, in the forties and fifties, was one of the leading divines of Kentucky—a typical Andrew Jackson in appearance and address. But unfortunately he was incumbered with an almost ungovernable appetite for strong drink. He was then a member of a church six miles south of Newport. The reverend gentleman became a member of the Washingtonians, the great temperance society of that day. At the next business meeting of the church the preacher was surprised to hear charges preferred against him for immoral conduct and to receive from the irate deacons the following explanation: By becoming a member of a secular society as helpful to moral reformation he at once admitted that the help afforded by the society was stronger than that of the church—thus placing a temperance society in advance of the church as a moral force.

The result was that the reverend gentlemen withdrew from the society. A few months later a member was called up for getting drunk at an old fashioned Kentucky "hog killing." Uncle Jimmie was present at the trial and during its progress said to the court: "You called me to account for joining a temperance society. You are now trying this man for getting drunk. How much ought a man to drink to be a consistent Baptist?" That remark concluded that trial.—Cincinnati Times-Star.

Familiar Quotations of Pope's.

Pope and Burns are respectively the authors of more familiar phrases than anybody else but Shakespeare in modern times. Here are a few of Pope's: "Shoot folly as she flies;" "Hope springs eternal in the human breast;" "Man never is but always to be blessed;" "Whatever is, is right;" "The proper study of mankind is man;" "Grows with his growth and strengthens with his strength;" "Order is heaven's first law;" "Worth makes the man and want of it the fellow;" "Honor and shame from no condition rise; act well your part; there all the honor lies;" "An honest man's the noblest work of God;" "Thou wert my guide, philosopher and friend;" "Every woman is at heart a rake;" "Woman's at best a contradiction still;" "Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined;" "Who shall decide when doctor's disagree?" "A little learning is a dangerous thing;" "To err is human; to forgive, divine;" "Beauty draws us with a single hair;" "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread;" "Damn with faint praise;" "The many headed monster."—London Tit-Bits.

Suit of Rattlesnake Skins.

Peter Gruber, the rattlesnake king of Venango county, Pa., has had made the most unique costume any man ever wore. It consists of coat, vest, trousers, hat, shoes and shirt, and made entirely of the skin of rattlesnakes. Seven hundred snakes, all caught and skinned by Gruber during the last five years, provided the material for this novel costume. To preserve the brilliancy and flexibility of the skins in the greatest possible degree the snakes were skinned alive, first being made unconscious by chloroform. They were then tanned by a method peculiar to Gruber and are as soft and elastic as woolen goods. The different articles for this outfit were made by Oil City tailors, shoemakers and hatters, and the costume is valued at $1,000.—Chicago Tribune.

An Interesting Island.

A curious discovery has been made on the Island of Kitaba, one of the Trobriand group, off the northeast coast of New Guinea. A great many sailors passing this little island have imagined that it had no inhabitants because they saw no evidence of human occupation. Sir William McGregor, the administrator of British New Guinea, says the island has an area of only five or six square miles. On all sides it presents a low and slightly sloping margin, usually about a quarter of a mile broad, covered by heavy timber. Within is a precipitous coral wall, which can be ascended only at a few places. The bank rises to a height of 300 or 400 feet. Once at the top the visitor finds within this wall a plateau which occupies the whole of the center of the island and is from 50 to 100 feet below the coral wall surrounding it.

There about 1,000 natives live and till their gardens. The rich, chocolate colored soil yields them an ample supply of food. They are completely protected from the wind by the rocky rim that incloses their plateau. On this elevated and almost inaccessible plain are thirteen villages, each of which contains over twenty houses. There are no intertribal hostilities, and it is not possible for the natives of other islands to oppress the people, because on their plateau, naturally fortified as it is, they are inaccessible to hostile tribes. The drainage of the plateau is excellent. There are great cavities in the coral wall through which the rainfall filters and makes its way to the sea.—Chicago Times.

A Thieving Crow.

"The crow is the brainiest thing that wears feathers," asserted P. C. Flower, addressing the Mendacity club at the Laclede. "What he doesn't know is hardly worth finding out. You can fool any other bird with a scarecrow, but this black pirate of the air can tell a bundle of old clothes from a real live man as readily as a skilled naturalist can distinguish between a dude and a dodo. Some years ago I was conducting a dry goods and notion store at Nashville. I had a pet crow that was always hopping about the store. I was continually missing small articles from the notion counter, and as I was not familiar with the utter depravity of the crow tribe, I attributed the petty thefts to shoplifters. One day a $100 bill disappeared from the cash desk, and I then hired a detective to watch the store. He was not long in spotting the thief.

"Mr. Crow flew away with a skein of silk thread and he was followed. He deposited it in a hollow oak tree in the rear of the building and came back for another haul. We cut the tree down and found it to contain more than a bushel basketful of notions of all kinds, filched from the counters, and in the lot was my $100 bill. He was the most successful shoplifter I ever knew. We impaneled a mock court, tried the offender and passed sentence of death upon him. But it was never executed. Whether he understood the sentence or simply realized that his occupation was gone I do not know, but with a loud croak he flew away, and we never saw him again."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Virginian's Break.

A well known family in South St. Louis gave a little dinner the other evening in honor of half a dozen friends. Among the guests was a prominent Virginian, an ex-Confederate soldier who is quite familiar in the politics of Missouri. He partook heartily of the repast, and was full of anecdotes and witticisms, which kept the guests in great laughter and merriment.

At last the hostess caused to be brought out the customary coffee tray, with cups and saucers so small as to give one the idea of a toy shop. Fine china they were of course, but neither of them would contain more than two tablespoonfuls of coffee.

The Virginian became suspiciously silent. He put the tiny spoon into the tiny cup, removed it, replaced it and finally leaned back in his chair as though undetermined as to what was expected of him under the circumstances. He was evidently nonplused. Under the flight of his stony silence the conversation dragged and then died out altogether. The situation was becoming to be strained when the Virginian turned to the hostess and said:

"Excuse me, madam, for saying it. I have traveled from Maine to California and from the lakes to the gulf, but my deah madam, I nevah in my whole life sat down befo' such a little bit o' coffee as that."

Uncontrollable laughter followed, the hostess blushed a rosy red, and in a moment the Virginian had a regulation cup.—St. Louis Republic.

Byron's Daughter.

A pathetic little story about the ignorance of Lady Lovelace, Byron's only daughter, of her father's poems, which we find in one of the volumes, has already produced an explanation that before her death she became a constant student of them and conceived an intense admiration of the father whom she had been brought up to dislike. Here is the story:

"She was an invalid for some time prior to her death and seldom left the house, though her three children—Lord Ockham, Lord Wentworth and Lady Anne—rode out daily on their ponies. I have been told by the medical man who attended Lady Lovelace that he had from her own lips the astonishing statement that even after marriage and up to a comparatively late period of her short life she had never read a line of her father's poems."

Little did poor Byron dream of such filial dereliction when he wrote the many tender passages scattered through his works, and to which he doubtless trusted to rehabilitate him in the estimation of the child he loved so dearly, for surely those touching words, had they met her eye, should have counteracted any adverse impression made upon her infant mind by his calumniators.—Exchange.

SUPERIOR
to all other medicines for purifying the blood and restoring the health and strength,
AYER'S
Sarsaparilla
is the standard specific for Scrofula, Catarrh Rheumatism, and Debility.
Cures Others
will cure you.

Society Directory.

ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS.

STATE OFFICERS.

State Delegate, Lawrence Heneiy, Twenty-seventh-st and Lake shore, Chicago.
State Secretary, J F Brennan, 1210 West Chestnut-st, Bloomington, Ill.
State Treasurer, Alex Vaughey, Seneca, Ill.

COOK COUNTY DIRECTORY.

County Board meets second Sunday of each month at 83 E. Madison-st, at 3 p m
County Delegate, P B Flansgan, 3623 Fifth av.
County Secretary, Francis J Conroy, 493 Thirty-fifth-st.
County Financial Secretary, D Kirby, 466 W Erie st.
County Treasurer, M E Lynch, 520 W. Erie st.

DIVISION OFFICERS.

Div No 1—J J Adamson, Pres, 352 W Fourteenth-st; R P O'Grady, V P; Edward Quinn, Rec Sec, 873 Ashland-av; Christopher McLaughlin, Fin Sec; Jere'h O'Brien, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday each month at 2 p m, at 188 Blue Island-av.

Div 2—D T Murphy, Pres, Grand Crossing; Michael Harmon, V P; E F Brennan, Rec Sec, Grand Crossing; A Harmon, Fin Sec; Patrick J O'Sullivan, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in Arcade hall, Hegewisch, Ill.

Div 3—Ambrose Bede, Pres, Morton Park, Ill; James Carroll, V P; Wm J Luby, Rec Sec, Wm Hede, Fin Sec; P J Duffy, Treas. Meets 3d Sunday of each month in Society hall, Ogden and Western avs.

Div 4—Daniel Collins, Pres, 931 S Halsted st; David Mulligan, V P; Daniel Coreon, Rec Sec; Peter F Radigan, Fin Sec; Wm McEvoy, Treas. Meet last Sunday of each month at 3 p m, at Canalport av & Union st.

Div 6—P G Maguire, Pres, 4205 Wentworth-av; Michael Reilly, V P; Michael D O'Brien, Rec Sec, 1429 33rd st; Jas Ryan, Fin Sec, 602 46th st; T McInerney, Treas. Meet 1st Sundayof month at 3 p m, in hall, corner Forty-second and Halsted-sts.

Div 7—Wm Sullivan, Pres, 130 Lytle-st; Patrick Carmody, V P; Patrick Foley, Rec Sec, 3442 Marshfield-av; James E O'Brien, Fin Sec; Mark Hardin, Treas. Meet at 446 W Twelfth-st, 2d Sunday of month at 7:30.

Div 8—M J Ryan, Pres, 257 Michigan-st; M Doyle, V P; D J Mahoney, Rec Sec; P J O'Sullivan, Fin Sec; James McDermott, Treas. Meet third Sunday of each month at 8 p m, corner Clark and Michigan sts.

Div 9—P O'Sullivan, Pres, South Chicago; P C Finerty, V P; Thomas White, Rec Sec, South Chicago; Owen Ahern, Fin Sec; T Ahern, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday each month at 2:30 p m, Elgeman's hall, South Chicago.

Div 10—John B O'Connor, Pres, 4520 Dreyer-st; James Small, V P; Denis O Toole, Rec Sec, 4125 State-st; Patrick O'Brien, Fin Sec; Wm Webb, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month in Webb's hall, 4430 Wentworth-av, at 3 p m.

Div 11—D Kirby, Pres, 466 W Erie st; M R Lynch, V P; T J Lamb, Rec Sec, 578 W Erie-st; M J Bradshaw Fin Sec; M J Corcoran, Treas. Meet 1st Monday each month in Anchor hall, Paulina and Indiana sts at 8 p m.

Div 12—D Moriarity, Pres, 4567 Wentworth-av; Wm Kennedy, V P; Wm Carney, Rec Sec, 4226 Wentworth-av; Jas O'Brien, Fin Sec; Patrick Norris, Treas.

Div 14—Jas Noonan, Pres; Austin Clark, V P; John Prendergast, Rec Sec; Edward Rogers, Fin Sec; J W McCarthy, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at 3 p m in Dorrie hall, Lemont, Ill.

Div 17—Martin Mulcahy, Pres, 2836 Fifth-av; Lawrence Henely, V P; F J Conroy, Rec Sec, 493 35th-st; Wm Houlihan, Fin Sec; Michael Finnegan, Treas. Meet 2nd Wednesday each month at 8 p m, at N W corner of Thirty-seventh-st and Armour-av.

Div 18—M Loftus, Pres, Central Park P O; Jas Collins, V P; John C Driscoll, Rec Sec, Moreland, Ill; J J Hickey, Fin Sec; James Dougherty, Treas. Meet last Friday each month in Schoenhofen's hall, W Lake and Forty-third-sts.

Div 19—Jas Thomas, Pres, 3802 Parnell-av; Daniel Daly, V P; Jer'h Herbert, Rec Sec, 820 Thirty-seventh-st; Jer'h O'dern, Fin Sec; Charles Lynch, Treas. Meet 1st Thursday each month at 3759 S Halsted st at 8 p m.

Div 22—W J Doherty, Pres, 1253 Forty-seventh st; J McGeoghegan, V P; Jno Touer, Rec Sec, 4004 Ashland-av; M Ryan, Fin Sec; Patrick Grace, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month in Bishop's hall, corner Forty-seventh st and Ashland-av at 2:30 p m.

Div 26—P Molloy, Pres, 4717 Wentworth-av; John Kerr, V P; Hugh McNally, Rec Sec, 345 Bristol-st; James A Walsh, Fin Sec; Lawrence Reynolds, Treas. Meet 4th Sunday of each month at 8 p m in Shields' hall, Fifty-first-st and Wentworth-av.

Div 29—Jas Dolan, Pres, Pullman; Wm J Carroll, V P; Jas Kennedy, Rec Sec, Kensington; Peter J Tully, Fin Sec; Thos Markey, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Thursdays of each month at 8 p m in Pullman, Ill.

Div 35—Thos Doyle, Pres, 3812 Lowe av; T F Doyle, V P; Jas Gannon, Rec Sec, 3756 Union-av; Michael Hughes, Fin Sec; M Kavanaugh, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday each month at cor 35th st and Emerald av.

Div 36—John T Keating, Pres, 3627 Jackson-av; W A Cunnea, V P; W M McMahon, Rec Sec, 6855 Stoney Island av; P D Ryan, Fin Sec; J J Egan, Treas. Meet 3d and 4th Fridays at 8 p m, at 5447 Woodlawn-av.

Div 37—John P Douhey, Pres, 6359 Honore st; T Kelly, V P; Michael McDermott, Rec Sec, 6036 Wallace-st; M H Hoey, Fin Sec; C McInerney, Treas. Meet 2d Sunday each month at 3 p m, in St Bernard's hall, 60th-st

CATHOLIC ORDER OF FORESTERS.

HIGH COURT OFFICERS.

John C Schubert, H C R, Room 22, 60 Dearborn-st; C Bechet, H V C R, Montreal, Can; Thomas H Cannon, H S, Room 22, 60 Dearborn st; Henry Detmer, H T, 109 E st Randolph-st; Dr. T F O'Malley, H M E, 169 Blue Island-av.

SUBORDINATE COURT OFFICERS.

Holy Family No 1—Michael Heaney, C R, 8 Elburn av; W J Wallace, Rec Sec, 120 W Taylor st; George B Bracken, Fin Sec; Jas Kennedy, Treas. Dr Geo C Synon, Med Ex. Meet 1st Wednesday at 8 p m, and 3d Sunday at 3 p m, in Sodality Hall, May and 11th sts.

Columbia No 2—Thomas Cross, C R, 92 Walnut st; Martin Dowling, Rec Sec, 152 N May st; J F Kelley, Fin Sec; P J Sheehy, Treas; Dr P H Conley, Med Ex. Meet 1st Wednesday at 8 p m and 3d Sunday at 3 p m, in Anchor Hall, 324 W Indiana st

Sacred Heart No 3—Hugh P Moran, C R, 268 Thirtieth st; John Fitzgerald, Rec Sec, 257 W Eighteenth st; Michael J McGarry, Fin Sec; Henry Powers, Treas; Dr William King, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3d Thursdays at Canalport av and Union st.

St Pius No 4—F T Nichol, C R, 343 Hastings st; Francis McEneany, Rec Sec, 729 Hiaman st; F M Quinn, Fin Sec; John Durkin, Treas; Dr David O'Shea, Med Ex. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays at 8 p m at Nineteenth st and Ashland av.

Jacques Cartier No 5—Michael Cyr, C R, 66 W nthrop place; John W Twohey, Rec Sec, 248 Laflin st; Louis Jordain, Fin Sec; Ed L Caron, Treas; Dr P Lesage, Med Ex. Meet 2d and 4th Sundays at 188 Blue Island av.

St John's No 6—Stephen Dake, C R, 1825 Dearborn st; James Donohue, Rec Sec, 4032 Dearborn st; Dennis McGrath, Fin Sec; Martin D Kearney, Treas; Dr Dan'l H. Sullivan, Med Ex. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Monday at 8 p m in Prosperity Hall, Eighteenth and State sts.

St James No 7—D B Quinlan, C R, 3119 State st; H S Hewson, Rec Sec, 55 Fifth av; W J Eder, Fin Sec; P M Clowry, Treas; Dr P S McDonald, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Fridays in Arlington Hall, Indiana av and Thirty-first st.

St Joseph No 8—George H McMunn, C R, 1509 S Centre av; William A Hoyne, Rec Sec, 27 Arthington place; John J Lawler, Fin Sec; James J Prindiville, Treas; Dr John J Leahy, Med Ex. Meet 2nd Sunday at 2:30 p m and 4th Wednesday at 7:30 p m in Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh sts.

St Mary's No 10—Patrick Flanagan, C R, 2350 Yorktown st; W G Brennan, Rec Sec, 1821 Indiana av; James Drury, Fin Sec; Wm White, Treas. Dr J P Smyth, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays at St Mary's church.

Nativity No 11—Matthew Lamb, C R, 3305 Auburn av; Michael Ryan, 3658 Lowe av; Charles P Holbrook, Fin Sec; Wm J. O'Brien, Treas. Dr John R McNamara, Med Ex. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Tuesday in Queally's Hall, 3749 S Halsted st.

St Patrick's No 12—John Daly, C R, 150 S Peoria st; Thomas J Garrity, Rec Sec, 484 Winchester av; Frank P O'Donnell, Fin Sec; John J Leary, Treas; Dr C Hogan, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3d Wednesdays in Fitzgerald's Hall, corner Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette No 13—John C Curtis, C R, 464 Austin av; J J Gallagher, Rec Sec, 358 W Huron st; J M O'Halloran, Fin Sec; L Foley, Treas; Dr P H Conley, Med Ex. Meet 2nd Sunday and last Friday at 528 W Indiana st.

Holy Name No 14—Hugh Manley, C R; Austin F Minogue, Rec Sec, 211 Townsend st; John F Owens, Fin Sec; Maurice C Cooney, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays in School hall, Cass st and Chicago av.

St Thomas No 15—Thomas Mulvihill, C R, 328 Fifty-fourth st; John Mott, Rec Sec, 5745 Kimbark av; M D Mooney, Fin Sec; Dennis Gleeson, Treas. Dr J A Hemsteger, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m at 5475 Woodlawn av.

KNIGHTS OF ST. PATRICK.

J H Carmody, President; William Horgan, V P; J H Howard, Rec Sec; William Tobin, Fin Sec; P J Kennedy, Treas; John Byrne, Knight Commander; John Tobin, Vice-Kt Commander; D J Solon, Sergt-at-Arms. Meet 1st Sunday of month at 3 p m in Temperance hall, cor Taylor and Miller-sts.

FATHER MATHEW T. A. & B. SOCIETY.

Organized Feb. 6, 1865. David L Barry, Pres, 22 Plum-st; Michael Kenny, 1st V-P; J J Barry, 2d V-P; J J Hackett, Secretary, 388 W Taylor-st; J M Carey, Ass't Secretary; John Shannon, Treas. Meet in hall, 388 W Taylor-st, on the 1st and 3rd Mondays each month at 8 p m.

A Fight with a Panther.

In the early part of this century Jairus Rich was a famous hunter of Alexandria, N. Y. Once when his traps were set for wolves, he went out on a tour of inspection, and was surprised to see a panther spring up and bound away with one of the traps hitched to its hind leg. He fired, but missed, and the creature made off into the thicket. Jairus went to a neighbor's, borrowed a dog and returned to the woods.

As he neared the place where the entrapped brute had disappeared, his quick eye detected a panther's head protruding from some bushes a few rods ahead. He took hasty aim, fired, and the creature fell dead.

Examination revealed the fact that this was not the panther in the trap, and the exciting barking of the dog a few rods in advance showed that other game was near. Leaving the dead panther he hurried on and soon came in sight of the entrapped beast, which stood at bay snarling fiercely at the dog, which kept at a safe distance.

Mr. Rich fired at the panther, but only wounded it slightly. In the excitement of the moment he threw down his gun, seized his hatchet and ran forward, thinking to make short work of his game, but in that he was mistaken. The panther made a sudden spring, knocked the hatchet from the hunter's hand, and, furious with rage and pain, began tearing and biting him.

Rich defended himself to the best of his ability, but there was no getting away from the fierce animal. A fearful struggle ensued, and finally the panther got one of the hunter's hands in his mouth.

With his free hand Rich succeeded in getting his jackknife from his pocket. He opened it with his teeth, and with it put an end to the life of the ugly brute.

Then he crawled to the nearest house, where his wounds were cared for. It was several weeks before he was able to leave his bed, and the scars of the conflict he bore to the grave.—Youth's Companion.

Why New York Has No Big Hall.

The reason why New York city has no town hall for popular gatherings is because it doesn't pay. Meeting halls here are erected by philanthropists, the number of whom does not apparently keep pace with the growth of the population.—New York Sun.

Penalty of Economy.

Husband—If one half the money we spent foolishly had been saved, we could buy a house.

Wife—Yes, and be snubbed by everybody we invited into it.—New York Weekly.

Two Indian Swords.

The swordstick, or "gupti," is of Indian origin. There is one form of it which is peculiar to chiefs and men of rank. The hilt of the sword, forming the handle of the stick, is curiously shaped, and the owner, when living in civilization, would have his arm resting [illegible] so as never to be seen without [illegible]. It was called in Persian takiyeh-gah, or "cushion of victory." Another form of concealed sword was made so flexible as to be worn around the wearer's body as a girdle.—Chambers' Journal.

Dr. Severin Wallace [illegible] the Society for [illegible] don, completed [illegible] last year. He is still [illegible], both mentally and physically.

Business Directory.

Tailors and Drapers.

JAMES CUSHING
The Artistic and Reliable
Merchant Tailor and Draper,
208 South Halsted-st., near Van Buren.
A Perfect Fit Guaranteed.

Furniture.

SMYTH, JOHN M.
Dealer in
Household Goods,
Pianos and Organs,
150 to 166 West Madison Street,
Near Halsted.

Attorneys.

BEADY, MATTHEW P.,
Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law,
28 Portland Block,
107 Dearborn street, Chicago.

JAMES O'CONNELL,
Attorney-at-Law,
Suite 916 Chicago Opera House Block,
112 Clark-st, Chicago. Telephone 931.

Coal and Wood.

O'DONNELL BRO'S,
Dealers in
All kinds of Hard and Soft Coal,
Coke and Wood, of the Best Qualities.
Hickory Wood, sawed stove lengths, $6.
per cord delivered.
Office and Yard
308 West Taylor street, between Halsted-st
and Blue Island avenue.

Grocers.

HORGAN, WILLIAM,
Dealer in
Teas, Wines and Liquors,
44 & 46 Canalport avenue, Chicago.
Choice Butter a Specialty. All
Goods Warranted.

O'BEIRNE, P.
Dealer in Staple and Fancy
Groceries and Ship Supplies.
Best Brands of Flour. Choice Butter a
Specialty. Glass and Crockery Ware.
349 W. Harrison St.,
Orders Called For and Delivered
Free of Charge.

O'DONOHUE, J. J.
Dealer in Fancy Groceries,
Wines, Liquors and Cigars. Head-
quarters for Imported Dilisk.
113 Erie-st, corner Market,
Chicago.

PERMANENT POSITIONS WITH good pay are now open for a few industrious, reliable Catholics willing to travel short distances. Apply, with references, to BENZIGER BROS.,
36 & 38 BARCLAY-ST., NEW YORK CITY.

TEAS!

Best Sample Tea	20c
Best Japan Dust	10c
Fine Teas, all kinds	25c
Fancy Teas, all kinds	35c
Best Japan in the World	50c
Best Teas, all kinds	60c

WHY PAY MORE?

SEXTON THE TEA MAN

20-22 STATE STREET.

Branches { 60 CHICAGO AV. / 280 BLUE ISLAND AV.

DAVID SULLIVAN, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, 87 WASHINGTON-ST.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK.—ss. Superior Court of Cook County, January Term, A. D. 1893. Edward J. Thomas vs. Mary F. Thomas. In Chancery. No. 144,999.

Notice is hereby given to the said Mary E. Thomas that the above named complainant heretofore filed his bill of complaint in said court on the chancery side thereof, and that a summons thereupon issued out of said court against the above named defendant, returnable on the first day of the term of the Superior Court of Cook County, to be held at the court house in Chicago, in said Cook County, on the first Monday of February, A. D. 1893, as is by law required, and which suit is still pending.

STEPHEN D. GRIFFIN, Clerk.

David Sullivan, Compl'ts Sol'r.

JAMES O'CONNELL, ATTORNEY, 916 OPERA HOUSE BUILDING.

ESTATE OF GEORGE RYAN, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of George Ryan, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted, at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of March, A. D. 1893, being the 20th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, January 26, 1893.

JAMES RYAN,
Administrator of the estate of George Ryan, deceased.

James O'Connell, Attorney.

JAMES McENERNY, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, 1108 UNITY BUILDING.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK—ss. Superior Court of Cook County. January Term, A. D. 1893. Archibald Wilson vs. Eva Catharine Wilson. In Chancery, No. 4,433. Gen. No. 143,107. Affidavit of non-residence of Eva Catharine Wilson, defendant in the above entitled cause named, having been filed in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court, notice is hereby given to the said Eva Catherine Wilson that the above named complainant heretofore filed his bill of complaint in said court on the chancery side thereof, and that a summons thereupon issued out of said court against the above named defendant, returnable on the first day of the term of the Superior Court of Cook County to be held at the Court House in Chicago, in said Cook County, on the first Monday of February, A. D. 1893, as is by law required, and which suit is still pending.

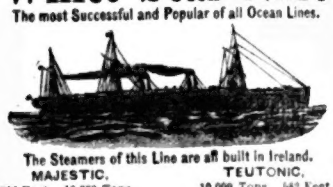
STEPHEN D. GRIFFIN, Clerk.

James McEnerny, Compl'ts. Sol'r.

WHEN GOING TO EUROPE,
Or Sending for Your Friends,
BE SURE TO SECURE PASSAGE BY ONE OF THE
MAGNIFICENT MAIL STEAMERS
OF THE FAMOUS

White Star Line

The most Successful and Popular of all Ocean Lines.



The Steamers of this Line are all built in Ireland.

MAJESTIC. 582 Feet. 10,000 Tons. 5 days, 18 hours, 8 min.
TEUTONIC. 10,000 Tons. 582 Feet. 5 days, 16 hours, 31 min.
BRITANNIC. 7 days, 6 hours, 32 min.
GERMANIC. 7 days, 7 hours, 37 min.
ADRIATIC. CELTIC.

SAILING EVERY WEDNESDAY FROM
NEW YORK AND LIVERPOOL,
CALLING AT QUEENSTOWN TO LAND
AND EMBARK PASSENGERS AND MAILS.

Tickets to and from the principal English, Scotch, Irish, Scandinavian and Finnish ports.

Passengers are also booked to principal points in South Africa, Australia and New Zealand.

The Company's Drafts, payable on demand everywhere in England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales, and other European countries, for sale at lowest rates.

For rates of passage and further information apply to the White Star Line agent at your place, or to the Company's offices.

H. MAITLAND KERSEY, G'l Ag't, 29 Broadway, N. Y.
N. ANDERSON, G'l W'n Ag't,
84 SOUTH CLARK STREET CHICAGO.
UNDER SHERMAN HOUSE.

GLASS! GLASS!

Kinsella Glass Company

6 Wabash Avenue, Chicago.

Manufacturers of all descriptions of Ornamental, including Bevelled Mirror Plates and Ornamental Stained Glass. Memorial Windows for Churches a Specialty. Designs and prices furnished on application.

The Verdict of Great Artists in Favor of the

KIMBALL PIANOS.

From a large number of letters in our possession indorsing the superiority of the Kimball Piano we mention the following well-known musicians who have used and recommended them:

Adelina Patti,	Sig. Perotti,
Lilli Lehman,	Sig. Reveili,
Minnie Hauk,	Sig. Sarasete,
Mme. Albani,	Ovide Musin,
Mme. Nordica,	C. Behrens,
Fursch-Madi,	P. S. Gilmore,
Mme. Fabri,	A. De Novellis,
Sig. Tomagno,	Emil Leibling,
May Alvary,	Chas. Kunkel,
Sig. Del Puente,	Clementine deVere,
Sig. Arditi,	Emil Fischer,

W. C. E. Seeboeck,
and many other prominent musicians of Europe and America.

The Pianos thus indorsed by the collective genius and authorities of the world may be found in large variety, together with the KIMBALL REED and PORTABLE PIPE ORGANS, as well as the celebrated HALLET & DAVIS, and PIANOS of cheaper make, at the warerooms of

W. W. KIMBALL CO.,

KIMBALL HALL,
Wabash-av., near Jackson-st.

CALL AND PAY A DEPOSIT and secure a ticket before the rates advance. We are the only agents that meet passengers at the depot and send them home free of charge.

We allow 4 per cent interest on money deposited with us; same may be drawn at any time without notice.

Call and inspect our safety-deposit vaults. Boxes $4 per year. The only vault open evenings.

GRAHAM & SONS,

Bankers, Steamship and Insurance Agents.
134 WEST MADISON STREET.
OPEN EVENINGS AND SUNDAYS.

When sending for your friends

Bear This Fact In Mind, That

THE OLD RELIABLE

CUNARD LINE

Fast Express Mail Steamers

Established 1840,

has a whole fleet of floating palaces: "Etruria," "Umbria," "Aurania" and "Servia;" sailing every Saturday from Liverpool and New York, and during the busy season fortnightly extras; also weekly sailings via Boston, making the

Largest, Fastest and Most Magnificent Service in the World.

Its character, record and general reputation for SPEED, COMFORT and SAFETY (having never lost a passenger in the 52 years of its existence) requires no comment.

Rates as low as by any First-Class Passenger Line Our Magnificent Mail Steamers are not expected to compete in rates with ships carrying cattle over and passengers returning.

Agents Wanted.

E. G. WHITING, Manager Western Dept.,
181 Randolph Street, Chicago.

TELEPHONE MAIN 1383.

PABST

BREWING COMPANY'S

BOTTLED BEER.

Put up in Quart and Pint Bottles for Family Use.

CHICAGO MAIN OFFICE,
CORNER INDIANA and DESPLAINES STREETS.
HERMAN PABST, Manager.

Sold Everywhere. Try It.

No Cure. No Pay!

DR. KEAN

THE EMINENT SPECIAL PHYSICIAN.
Established 1864.
169 SOUTH CLARK STREET, CHICAGO.

FREE PORTRAITS AND FRAMES!

Send us at once a photograph or tintype of yourself or any member of your family, living or dead, and we will make from same one of our enlarged life-like portraits (together with frame complete), ABSOLUTELY FREE OF CHARGE. This offer is made in order to introduce our portraits and frames in your vicinity, for one of our fine portraits placed in your home will do us more good than any other advertisement. This offer is made IN GOOD FAITH, and we will forfeit ONE HUNDRED dollars to anyone sending us a photograph and not securing his portrait and frame FREE as per this offer. We guarantee the return of your photos so have no fear of losing it. Address all our letters to Brooklyn Art Union, 627 Marcy Ave., cor. Hall St., Brooklyn, N. Y. References: all banks and Express Co's, in New York and Brooklyn.

Put your name and address back of photos.

GORE'S EUROPEAN HOTEL.

This excellent Hotel, freshly furnished and equipped throughout in first rate style, thoroughly fireproof and with unsurpassed facilities for heating, ventilating, etc, is well worthy the attention of intending visitors. The manager, Mr. N. D. Laughlin, gives his personal attention to seeing that each and all of his guests are made as comfortable as possible. The position of Gore's European Hotel especially commends itself as being central to all the principal railway depots, theatres, etc, of the city. Attached to the Hotel is a first-class Restaurant.

READ

"THE CITIZEN"

Published and Edited by

JOHN F. FINERTY.

A Weekly Journal devoted to American, Irish and General News and Comment, and to History, Literature and Politics, Native and Foreign.

It will enter on the TWELFTH YEAR of publication on Saturday, January 7, 1893, with a complete new outfit.

Best Weekly Advertising Medium in the Northwest.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION: Club rates, individually, $2 per year. Single subscriptions, $2.50 per year, Payable in Advance.

OFFICES, 69 DEARBORN STREET, CHICAGO.

SPECIAL

EASY PAYMENTS.

DIAMONDS, WATCHES, JEWELRY, AND SILVERWARE.

Dress Goods, Cloaks and Shawls. Gents' and Boys' Suits and Overcoats. Furniture, Carpets, Pianos and Organs.

JAMES T. CLARKE,
MANAGER.
112 South Clark-St.
Room 526. Chicago Opera House.
TELEPHONE 2456.

INMAN LINE

UNITED STATES & ROYAL MAIL STEAMERS.
ESTABLISHED 1850.
—BETWEEN—
NEW YORK & SOUTHAMPTON.

The Largest, Fastest and Most Magnificent Steamers in the World.

Tickets to and from the principal English, Scotch, Irish, German and Scandinavian Ports.

Local Agents in all the principal towns in the United States.

Drafts on Great Britain and Ireland for sale.

FRANCIS C. BROWN, Gen'l Western Agent.
52 South Clark-st., Chicago, Ill.

JOHN NAGHTEN. M. J. NAGHTEN.

John Naghten & Co,

AGENTS

VIRGINIA FIRE AND MARINE INSURANCE COMPANY OF RICHMOND, VA.

181 LaSalle-st, Chicago

Telephone 523.

PILES INSTANT RELIEF. Cure in 10 days. Never returns. No purge. No salve. No suppository. REMEDY MAILED FREE. Address J. H. REEVES, Box 3290, New York City, N. Y.

THE

RUN

FAST TRAINS with Pullman Vestibuled Drawing Room Sleepers, Dining Cars and Coaches of latest design, between Chicago and Milwaukee and St. Paul and Minneapolis.

FAST TRAINS with Pullman Vestibuled Drawing Room Sleepers, Dining Cars and Coaches of latest design, between Chicago and Milwaukee and Ashland and Duluth.

Through Pullman Vestibuled Drawing Room and Tourist Sleepers via the Northern Pacific Railroad between Chicago and Portland, Ore., and Tacoma, Wash.

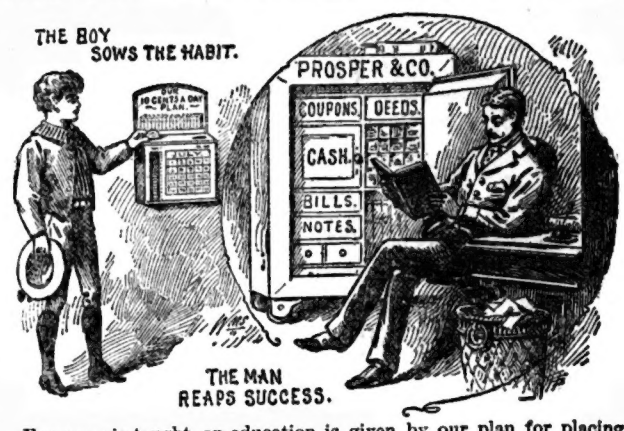
Convenient trains to and from Eastern, Western, Northern and Central Wisconsin points, affording unequalled service to and from Waukesha, Fond du Lac Oshkosh, Neenah, Menasha, Chippewa Falls, Eau Claire, Hurley, Wis., and Ironwood and Bessemer, Mich.

For tickets, sleeping car reservations, time tables and other information, apply to agents of the line or to Ticket Agents anywhere in the United States or Canada.

S. R. AINSLIE, General Manager, Chicago, Ill.
J. M. HANNAFORD, General Traffic Manager, St. Paul, Minn.
H. C. BARLOW, Traffic Manager, Chicago, Ill.
JAMES C. POND, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.

"As the twig is bent so is the tree inclined."

THE BOY IS FATHER TO THE MAN.



Economy is taught, an education is given by our plan for placing the **Revised Encyclopedia Britannica** in the home of every one of our readers.

Teach your boy the value of a dime. He will then know what to do with his dollars later in life.

If this lesson in economy was the only end in view it would still be worth your attention, but how infinitely more valuable is it when you know that this end is but a means to a greater end, the bringing into your home of the greatest literary work the world has ever known; the placing of a liberal education within the reach of every member of your family; the making of your home, the peer of any public library in the world, so far as the facts of history, the discoveries of science and the practical knowledge of the world are concerned,

Isn't it worth trying? Investigate the matter at once. We don't want you to act till you think. If you think we know how you will act.

READ OUR PROPOSITION:

On receipt of only **One Dollar** we will forward to you, charges prepaid, the entire set of 20 volumes, the remaining $9.00 to be paid at the rate of **10 cents a day** (to be remitted monthly). A beautiful dime savings bank will be sent with the books, in which the dime may be deposited each day. This edition is printed from new, large type on a fine quality of paper, and is strongly bound in heavy manilla paper covers, which with proper care will last for years. Bear in mind that the entire 20 volumes are delivered to your address, with all charges paid to any part of the United States.

This special offer is made only to the readers of THE CITIZEN and will remain open for a limited time only.

CUT THIS OUT AND SEND TO "THE CITIZEN."

THE CITIZEN:

Please deliver to me the entire set of 20 volumes of Revised Encyclopædia Britannica, as above described, together with your Dime Savings Bank, for which I enclose One Dollar, and further agree to remit 10 cents a day (remitting the same monthly) until the remaining $9.00 is fully paid.

Name.....

Postoffice.....

County.....

State.....

Telephone 3258. Established 1830.

UNION

Steam Boiler Works.

James Leonard, Prop'r.

Manufacturer of Marine, Stationary and Locomotive Boilers, Tanks, Water Towers and Sheet Iron Work.

36, 38, 40 and 42 EAST INDIANA ST.,
CHICAGO.

Repair Work of All Kinds a Specialty. Orders will receive Prompt Attention and Satisfaction Guaranteed.

COOKE Brewing Co.,

Foot of 27th St.,
CHICAGO, ILL.

Brewers and Bottlers of the Finest Brands of Beers Ale and Porter, put up especially for Family and Medical use. Try our Special Brand of Munich Hofbrau Beer.

Telephone 8298.

CONRAD SEIPP Brewing Company,

FOOT OF 27th STREET,
CHICAGO, ILL.
Telephone 8350.

BREWERS and BOTTLERS of the CELEBRATED SALVATOR BEER.
PILSENER BEER.

M'AVOY BREWING COMPANY,

2349 South Park Av.

Pure Lager Beer.
Fine Bottled Export.

AUSTIN J. DOYLE, President.
ADAM ORTSEIFEN, Vice Pres.
H. T. BELLAMY, Sec. and Treas.

Telephone 8257.

KEELEY Brewing Co.

MALTSTERS
AND
Lager Beer Brewers,

TWENTY EIGHTH ST. & COTTAGE GROVE AV.
CHICAGO, ILL.

JOSEPH SCHLITZ Brewing Company,

MILWAUKEE.

Represented by

Edward G. Uihlein,

Corner Erie and Union Sts., Chicago.